



Entered as second-class matter, May 23, 1919, at the Post Office at St. Meinrad, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized June 5, 1919.

# CONTENTS

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Address all literary contributions, notices for insertion in the magazine, etc., EDITOR THE GRAIL. Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertis-

Editor's Page	35
Before a Crucifix—(Poem)—Kate Ayers Robert	38
The Distinction—Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.	39
The Roadside Cross—(Poem)—S. M. Gonzaga	40
The Turning Point—Terence O'Brien McDonough	41
St. Norbert—A. C. McK.	44
Our Corpus Christi Day—Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.	45
The Call—(Poem)—A. Whitelaw	47
Twilight—(Poem)—Charles J. Quirk, S. J.	47
Preparation for Holy Communion—F. J. Bunse, S. J.	48
O Sacrum Convivium—(Poem)	49
Out of the Blessing	50
The New Société Mabillon—Dom Omer Hillman	50
Mott, O. S. B.	50
Dissolution of Erdington Abbey	51
Queries from Readers	52
Notes of General Interest	53
Children's Corner—Agnes Brown Hering	57
From Mother's Bouquet—A Goldenglow—(Poem)—P. K.	61
A United Front—Catholic Students' Mission Crusade	61
Abbey and Seminary	61

ing, etc., THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and new addresses.

**SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.** Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a high Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

## Donations for Poor Students:

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Burse of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. When one has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

**MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$549.62. J. C., Ill., \$1; C. S., L. I., \$5; H. H., Can., \$5; J. B., Ark., \$5; L. J. C., \$5; Marx, Wis., \$1; A. M. Schneider, Ind., \$2; N. N., Ind., \$1. Total: \$574.62.

**ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$560.52. J. A., Pa., \$2.50; M. Marx, Wis., \$1; A. M. Schneider, Ind., \$1; J. S. Dischinger, Minn., \$2.30; Mrs. L. Vogt, Ind., \$1; H. C., Cal., \$5; F. Verkamp, Ind., \$1; Mrs. Boettcher, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. A. Dlugg, Cal., \$1; Mrs. S. Kinkopf, O., \$1.06. Total: \$577.38.

**ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$432.61. G. K., Ill., \$4; D. L., Ill., \$4; O. S., N. Y., \$2; E. D., Mo., \$3; M. G., N. Y., \$1; V. F., Ind., \$1; F. Stratmann, S. D., \$1; Mrs. Rapier, Ala., \$1; Miss C. Connolly, Ala., 25¢; A. Amtman, N. J., \$5; T. Heling, N. J., \$2; Mrs. Froehnoefer, O., \$1; M. Marx, Wis., \$1; A. M. Schneider, Ind., \$1; Mary Langford, Fla., \$1; Mrs. Gruss, Pa., \$2; Mrs. McIntyre, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. H. H. H. H., Ill., \$2; E. L., Scantling, Md., \$1; M. S., Hurrie, Ind., \$5; C. and M. Stutzer, L. I., \$1; M. Noelker, Mich., \$1; W. Murphy, Ia., \$1.50; F. Salayka, Can., \$5; Mrs. Brunning, Minn., \$1. Total: \$481.36.

**ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$463.25. N. N., Ind., \$10; M. Marx Wis., \$1; A. M. Schneider, Ind., \$1; Karoline Mihalik, N. J., \$3; N. N., O., \$1; J. W. Murray, Pa., \$5; A. Safarik, Nebr., \$5; T. L., Brookville, Ind., \$2; Mrs. Brunning, Minn., \$1. Total: \$492.25.

Address all letters and communications to  
THE ABBEY PRESS,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.  
c/o REV EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.,

## For the Sufferers of the War-stricken Lands

Borden Ind: B R \$1 B R \$1; Brookville Ind: N N \$1 St Meinrad Ind: N N \$1 N N \$1 N N \$5 N N \$5; Covington Ky: N N \$1 C R \$100; Baltimore Md: M S \$36 G K \$1; Haubstadt Ind: J E \$10; Louisville Ky: G K \$1; Lakewood N J: A K \$5; Dayton O: I H \$10 C R \$2;

St Louis: N N \$3; Brodhead Wis: C Z \$2; Dubuque Ia: F T \$5 J P \$1; Los Angeles: A D \$10 J D \$10; Escanaba Mich: N N \$1; Chicago: M A \$1 K S \$10 V T \$5; Pittsburgh Pa: A F \$2; Marathon Wis: A G \$1; Brooklyn: J F \$3 H M \$27 N N \$1; Fitchburg Mass: N N \$1; Fence Wis: B N \$2.40; New Orleans: O B \$1 L R \$1 F Z \$1; Rib Lake Wis: M T \$2; Pettacaonset R I: C M \$1; Raymore Sask: M F \$10; Cudworth Sask: H H \$5 Delaware O: J G \$1.65; Camden N J: M E \$1; Allston Mass: M T \$1; Olympia Wash: M G \$1; Arlington Heights O: A J 50¢; Reading Pa: J U \$1; Philadelphia: N M \$1 F S \$5 S M \$5; Virginia Minn: M N \$3 A N \$2; Terre Haute Ind: A S \$1; Union Hill N J: L F \$1; New York: H L \$1 B S \$10 A V \$1 J G \$5 B S \$3; Maspeth L I: B E \$1; Wollaston Mass: M H \$1; Evansville Ind: B S \$5; Jersey City N J: G H \$3; Woodhaven N Y: A W \$5; Glutier Ia: M H \$1; Milwaukee: M C \$1 M K \$1 J P \$1.65; Jasper Ind: J U \$5 A S \$30; Minneapolis: J S \$5 C Y \$5 C Y \$5 N N \$1; Madison Wis: L K \$100 A R \$10; Carthage O: M B \$1; West Bend Wis: M M \$1; Boston Mass: C B \$2; Plymouth Ind: K B \$2 P B \$1; Vincennes Ind: A H \$11; Ferdinand Ind: F K \$25; Astoria N Y: J E \$1; Trenton Neb: C H \$2; Worcester Mass: B D \$1 H M \$1; Berkley Cal: R R \$5; St Henry Ind: J L \$3 T L \$1 M Y \$1 M O \$1; Omaha: M S \$8; Celestine Ind: N N \$5; Glen Falls N Y: K O \$2; Lawrence Mass: L M \$150; Freeport N Y: J L \$3; Tell City Ind: J P \$10; Hoboken N J: C M \$3; Richmond Ind: L W \$100; Maryknoll N Y: G B \$2; Bryn Mawr Pa: L E \$5; Cincinnati: J O \$1; Sheyboygan Wis: K K \$1; New Haven Ky: S B \$1; Richmond Ind: W T \$2; Bradford Mass: W C \$1; Raspeburg Md: L S \$1.45; N J: M H \$1; Ind: V P \$1; Nebr: A S \$5; N Y: E K \$1; Cal: T S \$1 N Y: A B \$1.

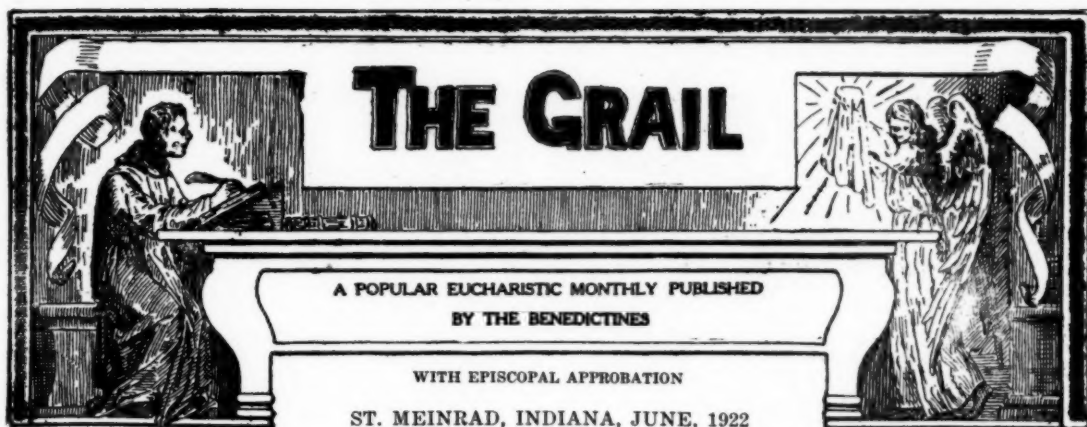
N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of Austria and Germany will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

General Mission Fund: K. Lenz, Pa., \$5.

Leper Colony Fund of East Africa: M. Zang, N. Y., \$10.

Grail Building Fund: Previously acknowledged: \$195.23. Mrs. A. Landwehr, O., 20¢; Mrs. M. Stenkavage, Pa., \$3; J. A. Kunlo, D. C., \$1; Nora Fitton, Mass., \$1; Mrs. G. Schmidt, O., \$1; Miss A. Steill, Ind., \$1; C. Lang, Mass., \$1; Mrs. A. Voit, O., \$1; John M. Voll, O., 65¢. Total: \$205.08.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### The Catholic Paper Banned

Under the caption, "The Parish and Missions," the *Extension Magazine* for March has a rather lengthy discussion on a burning topic that is now being ventilated by some of our Catholic papers. In his clear-cut, forcible style, Mgr. Kelley refutes the statements of a circular that was spread in a certain parish, warning the parishioners to beware of "all solicitors of religious magazines or church goods sold for the purpose of maintaining charitable institutes." "For charity's sake" the name and location of the parish were omitted.

"The person who wrote this circular," says Mgr. Kelley, "seemed very careful to avoid condemning solicitors for other than religious magazines and church goods; and, even amongst the religious institutes, avoided denouncing any but those which dispose of their publications or goods for the purpose of maintaining charity. The recommendation does not, therefore, apply to solicitors for *The Menace*, *The Yellow Jacket*, or any of the secular publications. That would be dangerous; for, of course, these have a legal right to engage in business and offer their wares for sale. Neither is there any application to religious magazines and church goods houses which are established for the benefit of individuals. The solicitors to avoid are only those who represent unselfish organizations which spend their profit on charities, and which are Catholic.

"All this is bad enough, but worse still is the suggestion that the charitable gifts of people of any parish should be limited to that parish or to the diocese; and still worse the suggestion that the 'needy in our midst' are the ones who alone should be considered outside of the diocesan charity work. The statement that 'such institutes receive ample aid from the diocesan bureau' is simply false. The magazines referred to are chiefly those published to help missions, and no diocesan charitable bureau in the United States has ever given a penny for missions, nor should be called upon to do so."

Limited space will not permit our quoting at greater

length. It is regrettable, however, that of late this ungenerous, un-Catholic spirit, which bobs up here and there with greater frequency, forbids Catholics to help outside charities and cautions them to beware of all solicitors of religious magazines whose purpose is the support of charitable institutes. There is evidently not much Catholicity betrayed in the spirit that prompts such utterances. Our people surely ought to be encouraged to dispose of their gifts for charity wherever they see that charity is needed. Is it not a fact that where this spirit of giving is promoted, home charities benefit the more thereby? Pastors who have introduced mission activity into their parishes have found that their people give more liberally to the missions and likewise more freely towards parochial needs than they did before.

Therefore let us pull together. Let the Catholic paper and the Catholic magazine work in harmony, thrive, and flourish for the good of Catholicity. Many Catholic families, whose circumstances would permit, are not readers of Catholic literature. Their bookshelves are bare of Catholic books either of doctrine or of fiction, while all kinds of trashy novels, the latest sensations and best sellers abound; their library table groans under the weight of innumerable questionable secular dailies, weekly, and monthly papers. To offset these deplorable conditions is plainly the mission of the Catholic press—the diocesan paper, the Catholic magazine, books and treatises on Catholic doctrine. To spread these magazines and periodicals, and here lies the crux, the employment of agents, or an agency, to work up a circulation is a necessity. As few Catholic publishers have the means at their disposal to employ their own agents, they must necessarily fall back on an agency for the propagation of their publications or close up shop. An editor, therefore, has to get out and hustle if he wants new subscribers; but if he prefers to swing at leisure in his office chair beneath the clouds of a fragrant havana, and wait for new subscriptions to come in of their own accord, he will sooner



or later read in the columns of his contemporaries his own obituary notice with the expressed regrets of his fellow publishers.

It is, then, to ward off the "grim reaper"—the old man with the scythe dangling over his shoulder—that editors of magazines are forced to work up a circulation through agents. For this reason THE GRAIL was placed in the hands of a reliable agency several years ago. Since the agents employed by this company come armed with the best of credentials, we wish to inform all our subscribers that in their dealings with these our representatives we assume the ultimate responsibility. We frankly admit, however, that in view of human limitations and weaknesses, errors and misunderstandings will arise, yet it is our policy always to make a satisfactory adjustment whenever circumstances require.

### What Happened in France may Happen Here

Speaking of Oklahoma's new Catholic weekly, *The Catholic Home*, published at Hartshorne, *The Denver Catholic Register* makes the following comment: "It is an excellent paper, but carries little advertising, so it does not look as if it is overburdened with subscriptions. The establishment of a Catholic paper is a long, up-hill fight. Justin Casey of Kansas City, who comes from a family that has established several, so ought to know how, says that it is a twenty-year job.

"Having seen the work from the inside for a number of years, we feel very much the same about it as an American traveler who was visiting France before the disestablishment of the religious orders. He was being shown over a vast and beautiful estate by a monk, who told him that for centuries it had been in the hands of his order and that many great works of charity and missionary activity had been financed as a result.

"My advice," said the American, "is to sell part of the estate and establish a Catholic daily with the proceeds. If you do not, you will lose all of it."

"The monk laughed at him. Five years later the entire estate was confiscated by an atheistic government, which was able to fool the people because there were not enough readers of Catholic newspapers to spread the truth. This will be the fate of America, too, unless sincere and persevering efforts are made by both priests and people to build up a mighty press. Let us ever keep before our minds the words of Pius X that all other building we do will be in vain if we neglect this. He meant exactly what the American traveler in France meant—that only through a virile press can our Catholic people be kept alive to the dangers they must meet."

### The I. E. L. for the Union of Christendom

The International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom is just beginning to strike root on American soil. The mission spirit is awakening among the Catholics of our country. It is only of late that we have begun to take to the mission idea. Foreign mission seminaries are springing up and Catholics are

catching the enthusiasm that is spreading everywhere.

The I. E. L. does not, like other foreign mission appeals, solicit your aid in support of a missionary or of some distant mission, it does not ask you to build a chapel or a church, nor does it request money for mission purposes. Prayer is asked of the members of the League—a brief daily offering and an occasional attendance at Mass with a Holy Communion for the threefold intention of the League: (a) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (b) the return to the faith of all our separated brethren; (c) the conversion of all non-Christians (who number nearly three-fourths of the whole human race). "That they all may be one," prayed the Savior, "as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee."

Are you willing to help Him bring about the fulfillment of this ardent desire of His? If you are, enroll yourself, and as many of your friends as you can persuade to do so, in the "International Eucharistic League under the guidance of the Holy Ghost for the union of Christendom." When you join the League, no great sacrifice is required of you, no heavy burden is placed upon your shoulders. Outside of a short daily prayer, which need not even be formulated in words, no extra prayers are demanded of you. Your ordinary duties will be doubly blessed by your good intention, because you will be laboring in spirit and in reality for the accomplishment of Christ's kingdom on earth.

## TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

### Capharnaum and now

One of the distinguishing marks of Protestantism has always been the assumed right of private interpretation, of giving to the inspired Word of God the meaning which any individual might choose to give. We are not now going to show that this practice is contrary to the spirit of that very Word itself, which St. Peter says "the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction." But we are going to give you an instance to show to what limits and beyond what limits this system may lead one.

Lately we received a letter, anonymous, of course,—replete with Scripture texts, irreverences, sneers, and repetitions of the time-worn allegations of traffic in Masses, praying souls out of Purgatory for money, etc., etc. But the climax was reached when the writer quoted that text so familiar and dear to all lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, "Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink his Blood, you shall not have life in you," and added, "meaning embracing him in true faith."

You will no doubt agree that of all the textwresting that could be conceived, this ought to bear off the proverbial palm. Of course, it suited his or her argument,



and was permitted by private interpretation, which, indeed, permits one to take any text to mean anything he wishes. Therefore there's no mystery about it on that score.

But we are enthusiasts for the sacred doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, dear readers of THE GRAIL, aren't we? So let's freshen and strengthen our faith again by assuring ourselves that the text in question can only mean one thing: the sweet command to do just as Our Lord says, to eat His Flesh and drink His Blood in Holy Communion.

Let us recall first, that Christ, when teaching, always took care to explain His words again when He saw that they were misunderstood by His hearers, especially by His disciples. Now when He promised to give men His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink, many objected, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" It is clear from this that they took His words in their literal meaning. Did Our Lord correct them and tell them He did not mean that? Did He tell them even more clearly, so that His real meaning could not be mistaken? What was the result? Did He tell of His disciples turned away and walked no more with Him. And He did not stop them, call them back, and tell them that He meant something else. But He even turned to the Apostles saying, "Will you also go away?" Peter and the others, however, firmly believing that Christ is God, that He can do even that which seems most improbable, did not, as the others, submit their faith to reason, but said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." It is not required that we understand all doctrine. But it is required that we believe the Word of God.

It is June, the glorious, triumphant month of the Sacred Heart, the month of the Blessed Sacrament. There in the soft gleam of many candles, in the glory and perfume of sweet incense and choice flowers of spring, is enthroned the Lord Jesus, hidden yet ever majestic, silent yet ever speaking, as in the far-off days in the synagogue of Capernaum. Ever yet does He teach the throngs, still does He proclaim that sublime and wondrous doctrine of His Eucharistic Presence. And even now, as in the days of old, men shake their heads, and tell one another, "this saying is hard, and who can hear it?" and turn away and walk no more with Him. Then Jesus says to us who kneel before Him: "Will you also go away?" Nay, Lord, if we should go away, to whom should we go? With hearts o'erfilled with love and adoration, we cast ourselves down before Thee, saying with St. Peter, "Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that thou art Christ, the Son of God." Give us grace, O Lord, that we may fitly thank Thee for that faith whereby 'tis given us to know Thee and believe Thy word and delight in that Thou still abidest with us.

### Valedictory

Youthful joy runs rampant this month. It is the

month that delivers our children from the bondage of school, and ushers them into the hilarious liberty of vacation. One can hardly help calling to mind that other month, so dear to the heart of Israel, because it marked the great Phase, their deliverance "out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

Yet this brightness of joy is not entirely without its tinge of sadness, the sadness always attached to that significant word "good-bye." For ten months these boys and girls have been to us our own children, spending under our direct supervision the greater part of the day, and in boarding schools, the entire day and night; taking from us the lessons whereby their minds are fitted for future careers; imbibing from our words and our example the principles that shall guide them down life's pathway in this world of right and wrong; fired by our enthusiasm, docile to our reproofs, and repaying, if not now, at least in years to come, with lasting loyalty and affection, our labors and solicitude in their behalf. O rightly do they call school "Alma Mater," fostering, cherishing mother! For nowhere else is a mother's care so nearly equalled as in our schools.

And with all this joy of new freedom and sadness of farewell, there now comes most prominently before our eyes the picture of our graduates. It is with special warmth of feeling, oft not unmingled with tears, that we take this final leave of them. Yet joy, too, it is, and honest pride that fills our heart at sight of them. Forth into the turmoil of the world they go to fight its battles, to surmount its obstacles, and to triumph over sin's allurements. Thank God they go prepared, if any can be said to enter in prepared. Thank God and His true Church that brings forth to the world such progeny as this. As a precious leaven in the midst of other men they will live their lives and keep their principles and not be shaken by the sin and error round about them. Their success and their good influence in the world about them—this is our comfort at parting, this is the joy and the reward in our own heart and in the sight of God.

### Children and Holy Communion during Vacation

"The Frequent and Daily Communion of Children," an excellent pamphlet published by the *Irish Messenger*, Dublin, Ireland, gives this bit of sound advice to parents:

Whilst you should, on seasonable occasions, encourage and exhort your children to receive Communion daily, you must not, on the other hand, weary them by perpetual admonitions; neither should you put undue pressure on them. It would be still more imprudent to fix any particular days for their Communions. You must take great care also not to exact extraordinary devotion and piety, such as the Church does not require, however much she may desire it. She does not regard venial sin, even though, perhaps, more or less deliberate, as an obstacle to daily Communion. Hence it follows that to deprive children of Holy Communion for

faults of a venial nature would be *unreasonable and an abuse*.

*During Vacation time* the duty which we point out here becomes more binding. Masters and mistresses are no longer present to encourage the child to carry out his or her good resolutions. The sustaining influences of the ordinary routine of exercises performed in common is withdrawn. Let parents see to it that their children, just when they have more leisure, do not curtail their pious exercises. When idleness, the influences of their companions, and outside occasions increase the danger of temptation, this is not the time to approach less frequently to the chief Source of spiritual strength. How often has the whole work of the school-year been destroyed by the comparative neglect of the Sacraments permitted during the vacation!

### Why so few Vocations?

How often do we not hear the complaint that there are so few vocations among our millions of Catholics? Is the reason hard to find? Is it not, possibly, because we are too commercial, too worldly, too bent on seeking pleasure? How different it is in Catholic countries where the very air that is breathed seems impregnated with religion. There the saints, and saintly men and women—not those who are great in the eyes of the world: the excessively wealthy, movie stars and other scandal mongers of high society—are held up to children as models for their imitation. As a natural consequence many seek the higher life. There vocations abound.

Those who have the care of children should remember that evil associates, the society of the worldly-minded, too great love of pleasure, and an inordinate desire for wealth will stifle vocations. Such dangers should be kept far from the young while they are still in the formative period. Again, it happens only too often that fond parents frustrate the designs of Providence in respect to their children. Blinded as such parents are by vanity, they seek the society of the wealthy for their charming daughter, that she may be well married, and their son they place on the road to riches. This being accomplished, they believe that their duty is done. Yet one day our deeds shall be weighed on the accurately balanced scales of an all-just Judge.

Our Divine Savior has said that many are called but that few are chosen. Is He not even now calling to His service many of our young people? Are we cooperating with Him by training them to piety or are we thwarting His plans by filling their youthful minds with vain and frivolous things and worldliness and thus keeping them from being found among the chosen? His blessing surely cannot rest upon those who act in such a contrary manner.—Parents have great responsibility. Yet there are those who resolutely and even violently oppose the manifest will of God which speaks as it were in trumpet blasts in the hearts of the young. In more than one instance it has taken the death of a beloved child or some other great misfortune to open the eyes of blinded parents.

Fathers and mothers, beware of inculcating worldliness and commercialism into the hearts of the little ones that God has given you. Seek rather to implant in those tender hearts the spirit of faith, of religion, of the love of that God that He may not only call some of them to labor in His vineyard, but that they may be actually chosen. Be generous. Give of your children to the service of God.

Following in the footsteps of his Divine Master, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in a recent conference urged the parish priests of Rome to foster and encourage vocations to the priesthood. Where can there be greater need of following this timely advice than right here in our own land in which there is such a dearth of vocations both to the priesthood and to the religious state?

Many, no doubt, will be astonished to hear that almost at our very doors in some of the Catholic communities of the neighboring states of Canada, where the limiting of the family and similar crimes are unknown, there are numerous vocations. Just read the following paragraph from the Lenten Pastoral of Mgr. Landrieux, Bishop of Dijon, which we quote from the *Ave Maria*, and then seek to discover why like conditions do not prevail among us.

"There are many religious and priestly vocations in Canadian families. Mgr. Roy, who was recently a visitor at Dijon, told me about his good mother, who is ninety-three years old, and who had twenty-one children, of whom one is a bishop, four are priests, and three are nuns. In the diocese of Three Rivers, Mgr. Cloutier had three brothers who were priests, and eight sisters who were nuns. In the Canadian parish, the question of religious vocations does not have to combat the theory of the 'single son,' as it does in France. In a parish in the diocese of Montreal, the Archbishop, when visiting the church on his pastoral tour, asked every married man in the church who had one son who was a priest to rise; not one man remained seated."

This paragraph contains a wholesome lesson that might well be pondered over by many of our Catholic families.

### Before a Crucifix

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Passion of Jesus! O heartrending spectacle!  
Calling for love, and submission complete.  
Passion of Jesus! never let obstacle  
Keep us from laying our hearts at Thy feet.

Passion of Jesus! O beautiful comfort,  
To souls steeped in sin giving graces sublime!  
Passion of Jesus! rendering—reclaiming  
All who have fallen—and making them Thine.

Passion of Jesus! Means of Salvation!  
Opening Heaven to all of the earth.  
Passion of Jesus! O wonderful Mystery!  
Paying for mankind the debt of his birth.

## The Distinction

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"THERE are so many devotions that you can't always tell one from the other," commented Bob Taylor as he and Ned Lyden emerged from St. Mary's Church after the late Mass.

Ned gently nudged his companion to call his attention to the presence of Father Gilbert who was within hearing distance. The warning, however, came too late. Bob realized the situation and whispered: "It's all up with me now. I am in for a grilling sure enough."

"What did you remark about devotions, Bob?" queried the priest.

"Oh nothing, Father."

"Come now don't play the fox. You evidently have a bone to pick."

"Well, when Father Remig announced Corpus Christi devotions for every day until Thursday and then announced Sacred Heart devotions for Friday, I couldn't help thinking how confusing so many different devotions are."

"Perhaps you don't know that devotions differ according as the objects vary to which they tend, and according to the reasons for which they exist."

"Yes, but it seems to me that there isn't much difference, if any, between the devotion to the Sacred Heart and that to the Blessed Sacrament."

"And yet they are not the same, for each has a special characteristic of its own. It is true that in both we adore Christ, the Son of God, but in each we have a particular object in view: in the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament it is Christ Himself who is really and truly present in His sacramental form, without, however, any reference His Sacred Heart; but in the devotion to the Sacred Heart it is the heart itself which is made the object of our worship and devotion."

"That distinction is not very clear, Father."

"Let me explain further. The general reason why we practice both devotions is one and the same—Christ's right to our worship. From whatever point of view we consider Christ He has a just claim to our unlimited devotion. But the particular reason why we offer our adoration to the Blessed Sacrament is because Christ has established therein His real presence and has left It as a memorial of His passion. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, on the other hand, emphasizes or lays stress on the base ingratitude of man especially towards the Holy Eucharist and induces the faithful to make reparation for this ingratitude."

"But why was just the heart chosen for this devotion? There are also devotions to the Holy Face and the Five Wounds of our Lord."

"While any part of His sacred body would be no less worthy of our devotion or worship, there is a special reason for choosing the heart. Philosophers tell us that the heart of man is the first to get the breath of life and the last to yield to the touch of death. Then, too, the heart has a special relation to love. When we say that a man has a heart, we mean that he has feeling for another, that he is sympathetic, affectionate. Even if, as physiologists say, the heart is not the seat of the affections it is certainly acted upon in some very mysterious and marvellous way by the emotions of the soul. Therefore the heart is intimately linked with love of which it is the symbol. Now it is just love's wounds that the devotion to the Sacred Heart wishes to heal. Both the divine and human love of our Savior in the Holy Eucharist is only too frequently unappreciated. Men are ungrateful and do not love Him in return as He bitterly complained to St. Margaret Mary. The object then of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is to make reparation for the coldness and neglect and ingratitude of men."

"If men had always loved our Lord in the Holy Eucharist as they should, do you think there would be devotion to the Sacred Heart?"

"Probably not as we have it at present, for if from the very night of the Last Supper down to our own day every single soul that approached the Holy Table had been all aglow with the ardor of the seraphs around the throne of God, if every communicant had received our Blessed Lord into a tabernacle as pure and as well prepared as was the Virgin Mother, if every living being had devoted each single moment of its existence to the praise of the Eucharistic Lord, the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament would ever remain the same and would have the same reason for its uninterrupted continuation. But the devotion to the Sacred Heart, understood in all its fullness and as proposed by Christ, would never have been introduced by Christ, for there would be no sacrileges, no ingratitude, no coldness, no indifference to make reparation for."

"But instead of getting better the world seems to be growing more and more wicked all the time."

"It is for this reason that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is a need of the Eucharist and one which should appeal to every devout com-



municant. By confining himself strictly to the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the devout communicant might seem to satisfy the claims of the Prisoner of our altars, if after Holy Communion he were to thank Him with His whole heart for the undeserved favor of His visit, if he promised undying fidelity, and if with a grateful soul he left the church to go about his ordinary occupation. But the devotion to the Sacred Heart tells the devout communicant that he must widen the scope of his mental vision until it has become as extended as that of Jesus Christ Himself; this devotion to the Sacred Heart tells him that for one who approaches the Holy Table there are thousands who remain away and that for one who draws nigh with fervor and piety there are hundreds who come with a heart as cold as ice; again, the devotion to the Sacred Heart tells him of the 'other sheep' and rouses the soul to do all in its power to bring them to 'taste and see how sweet the Lord is' in the sacrament of His love; moreover, this devotion transforms him into an apostle—an apostle of prayer and of action; furthermore, it tells him that the King has made a great supper and that the supper is ready but that the invited guests have refused to come; and, finally, this devotion sends him forth into the highways and byways with the commission to compel all to come 'that My house may be filled.'

"I wonder if the devotion to the Sacred Heart has anything to do with the many frequent communions of the present time?"

"Without a doubt. As the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament led up to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, so now in return the devotion to the Sacred Heart has brought and still brings many a soul back to the Blessed Eucharist and paves the way for firm belief in the Real Presence and for more frequent communions."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, when our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary, He expressed the wish that the faithful should be urged to make fervent communions of reparation on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi. Then came the communions on the first Friday of every month. Thus we have a medium and link between the days of rarer communions and the daily reception so much desired by the Church now.

"Again, in this age of such wonderful discoveries, of such marvellous accomplishments, especially of the wireless message and the aeroplane, the world is brought face to face with so many unexplainable secrets of nature that it is perhaps not so much astounded at the mysteries of our faith. But the chief obstacle may be traced to another source. Selfishness

and egoism hold such a firm grip on the people of our day that they cannot be led to believe in the infinitely unselfish love of the Eucharistic Lord. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, revealing to us the abyss of this His intense love for each one of us and impressing it upon us, is a powerful means of removing this stumbling-block."

"We had better be going, Father. Dinner will be waiting for us."

"Just a minute more. I now recall your objection of last year, that you were not worthy to receive communion frequently."

"I remember it quite well."

"The Sacred Heart answers your difficulty. It is precisely this love of the Sacred Heart that demands so little for a worthy communion—the state of grace and the right intention. Therefore, to urge your objection stubbornly as the only excuse for not receiving daily communion would imply an insult to the Sacred Heart Itself."

"Well, Father, I take it all back, for I now know the distinction between the two devotions, and I see the intimate relation that there is between them."

Ned at last broke his long silence and said with a smile: "Father, I think Bob will look around the corner the next time he has a grouch to air. But for my part, I am glad that he made this blunder because we are now both the better off for it."

## The Roadside Cross

S. M. GONZAGA

It was half-way down the steep hillside,  
Where the road-way cut thro' the woods,  
On a grassy mound where the sunbeams glanced,  
That they raised the holy Rood.

On a Summer's eve, when the Children came  
With their gifts of fragrant May,  
They would kneel awhile by the blessed cross  
Ere they sped away to play.

To it often came an aged man  
Who was telling Our Lady's beads,  
And I heard him once, for he prayed aloud,  
And told of his daily needs.

"Tho' the way is long and the road is steep,  
I know *WHO* is at the end,  
So I'll bear my cross, for I'll meet *YOU* then,  
My Savior, my God, my Friend."

What a wonderful gift,—this loving faith,  
That in old and young you find,  
Thro' the length and breadth of the Em'rald Isle,  
For Erin keeps God enshrined.

Loretto Convent, Fermoy.

## The Turning Point

TERENCE O'BRIEN McDONOUGH

IT was evident that Raphael Haywood was in a very uneasy frame of mind as he paced the narrow floor of the dingy jewelry store.

At last, the monotonous rap—rap—rap of the pacer's feet on the bare floor died out, and there was a breathless stillness in the dark little store. Something had attracted the pacer's attention; his eyes were riveted on a gold-trimmed calling card lying on the work bench. Slowly he made his way to it, gazed intently at it, and at last stretched forth a trembling hand and clutched it. The engraved letters—Anna Mae Whistler—stood out bold and bare before his fast growing misty eyes. Why was her card here?

Again his fingers ran across the raised letters of his sweetheart's name. The hard drawn lines of Raphael's face relaxed; a faint smile played around his lips. The once misty brown eyes glowed with a light of understanding.

With a half frightened cry he exclaimed: "Thank Good she has done it; she has already chosen and it's me—Raphael Haywood, an apprentice. But, sweetheart, you shall never regret your choice. No, never!"

Again he became serious; the muscles in his face hardened; his head sank on his chest. Where was she now? Why did she not come in person and tell him she had reached the turning point—his turning point—and had done as he had asked—had made her choice for life and had accepted him, the apprentice. But why should she have come; had she not signified her choice by leaving her card?

Raphael chuckled to himself and carelessly tapped the card against the greasy work bench. As the echo of his soft laugh died out, Raphael tossed the card on the table and climbed upon the high stool before his engraving tools. When he was again at work, the tune of an old love ballad floated through the air.

The clock struck nine. Raphael raised his head, pushed aside a small jeweler's vice, and from its deathlike jaws, removed a small band ring. As he brushed the small particles of gold from the inside, the words, "Semper Fidelis," loomed forth with all the splendor of a master engraver.

"Oh, I guess you'll do," he exclaimed, carefully examining his craftsmanship before the dim electric light. "You are not anything compared with what the engravers in her dad's store could turn out; but you carry the same significance as the best of 'em, and I believe she will be proud of you because I made you."

Folding the ring in a small piece of tissue, he carefully tucked it away in his card case. Then as if by force of habit he drew forth from under the celluloid plate a picture of a girl. For a few moments only he gazed at the smiling countenance and then tenderly pressed it to his lips, saying: "Ah, little butterfly, I knew you would come back."

For a time, his eyes smiled into hers, but the smile faded and again his eyes took on a cold, stern look. "Love is not made of such momentary pleasure as you once thought. When I brought you to the turning point and asked you to choose between Pritchett and me, you thought of his wealth, his graceful dancing, and his devil-may-care ways. Didn't you, little sweetheart?"

Again he was smiling into her eyes and drawing her lips closer, still closer to his. "But now you know, and there will be no more turning points in our life, will there?"

Raphael glanced at the clock and gave a short whistle of surprise, it was after eleven. Hurriedly he reached across the bench and was in the act of extinguishing the light when his eyes again fell upon the card. There was something on it which he had not seen, something had been written on the reverse side. For a few minutes he gazed on the straggling lines and felt that his destiny was sealed; the words on the back of that card dealt the death blow.

As if under the power of a hypnotist, his hand fell lifeless from the electric light switch; his eyes grew large; beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. He staggered and clutched at the work bench; but he missed it and slowly crumpled into a pile on the floor.

The stillness was disturbed by the rumbling echo of an auto as it slowly came to a halt somewhere in the foggy street. Through the little dingy jewelry store floated the sound of some one humming. As it grew more distinct, the air could be recognized as that of a Spanish love ballad. Slowly it drifted through the house, rising and falling on the breezes of the night. At last it died out, leaving the old clock reigning supreme with its slow, solemn tick—tock—constantly beating away the hours of the night.

But the supreme reign of the old clock was short-lived. As the minute hand crept around one more second, there came a dull throb, which echoed and reechoed throughout the room. It was eleven-thirty.

Slowly the door to the work room opened.

A head of black curly hair was thrust inside the poorly lighted room, and as it was raised, the narrow black eyes and pale lips of Penny Pritchett were disclosed. Wider and wider the door opened until the form had entered the room and stood bending over the sleeping form of the apprentice.

"If I haven't struck it lucky! Asleep over his work; worked to death. A regular galley slave. Gee, but that will be a strong argument in my favor."

His long, cold hands stretched forth and clutched Raphael's. "Poor devil. Just look at that beautiful face—those strong features. I can't blame a girl for loving him, that is, if he had money. But I'll be durned if I'm going to let him beat my time with Anna Mae. Why the idea of loving him because he is good. That's a shabby argument to put up to Penny Pritchett, and by crackey you'll be sorry of it. Oh, but I'll fix things up, and when you see him, Anna Mae, you'll agree with me that he's not so innocent. Then, perhaps, you'll change your mind and take a chance with Mr. Pritchett."

With a determined mind, Penny again stretched forth his arm and roughly shook the sleeping form. "Ralph, Ralph. Wake up, old sport. Get up out of that dirt."

The sleeping form moved; the brown eyes opened slowly and stared at the intruder in a misunderstanding way. Then, as if recognizing the bent form as a sign of danger, he tried to rise, but his head swam. With an effort he staggered to his feet only to fall into a chair with a faint sigh.

The newcomer placed his hand on Raphael's shoulder, and said, "I say, Ralph, old boy, steady your nerves; you have worked too hard tonight. Let me give you a cigaret." Penny felt for his cigaret case.

"No! You low down dog!" stormed Raphael. "You have done it all; you caused her to write it, and by faith you'll pay for it." Raphael was facing the would-be friend, but it was not the Raphael of old. His usually peaceful eyes burned the fire of vengeance, while in his heart was the violence of a wild man.

"Please explain, Ralph," ventured Penny. "I am sure I have not harmed you. I am even willing to—"

"You have done it! You have done it!" screamed Raphael. "You have fooled her. You have won her by your money and your hellish ways. You have—" He sank into a chair and hid his eyes in the folds of his arm.

Penny was not surprised. He slowly made his way to the work bench and stood gazing searchingly at it. At last his keen eyes caught sight of the crumpled card at his feet; he

chuckled to himself as he straightened the wrinkles from it and read:

"Today is the fifteenth. You are no longer an apprentice, so can be happy without me. When you learn to be a regular fellow like Penny, I will think of your proposition."

As he stood smiling at the rejected suitor, Raphael raised his drawn face and his troubled eyes gazed into the smiling ones of Penny.

"Penny," he began in a low, pained voice, "why has she done it? Why has she refused me? God knows you don't love her as I do. Why have you done it, Penny?"

"Why, Ralph, I didn't know that you really loved Anna Mae, and you know I haven't encouraged her in the least." He waited for an answer, but as none came, he continued: "No, I have not encouraged her and have told her that I did not care for her, but she would only laugh and say,—forgive me for saying it, Ralph—but she said you would make a fine kitten to sit around the fire, but for the present, she would prefer some one with vinegar—some one that was willing to see and experience life in all it's forms, before asking her to settle down to the humdrum of domestication."

Raphael had risen and was madly pacing the floor. As the last sentence was uttered, he wheeled on the speaker and, with clenched hands, exclaimed: "Did Anna Mae say that?"

Surprised by the sudden transformation, Penny was barely able to gasp, "Yes."

"Well, she shall have her wish. If her love calls for the sacrifice of my money, soul, and even life, I am ready to make it." Raphael was madly tugging at the door when Penny bounded to his side and in a gay voice exclaimed:

"The right spirit, old boy. See America first, you know. And then the home-fire stuff. But here, let's start off right." Drawing from his pocket a flask of white liquid, Penny continued: "Let's start off with a little toast to our future and then to the narrow streets and high life."

Without waiting for a refusal, Penny drank deeply from the flask and then thrust it into the trembling hands of Raphael. "Drink it, fool!" exclaimed Penny as he noticed the hesitant look in Raphael's eyes.

"I—I—can't. I don't want it," stammered Raphael, as his nervous hands slowly released their hold on the bottle.

"You old woman; you house cat; you rejected baby!" taunted Penny in his drunken rage. "I thought you loved her; I thought you would die for her, and now the only requirement to win her is that you be happy and see life, and yet you refuse. Come, take a drink and you'll feel fit for the worst." Penny was slowly urging his innocent victim, and Raphael was slowly yield-



ing. Already he was gazing wistfully on the fluid that he knew would ruin his life; but what was his life compared with her happiness? Slowly the flask was being moved nearer and nearer to his mouth until his nostrils inhaled the deadly odor. Again he was urged and again he stood irresolute. There was a silence in the room. The electric light flickered. The temptation was irresistible. Raphael seized the flask and raised it to his lips.

From somewhere in the misty night air came the faint chug of an automobile. Again he hesitated and again came the urging words of Penny:

"You say you love her. Why don't you prove it? Why don't you do what she wants you to?"

"Penny, I do love her, love the very ground she walks upon, and it is for this reason I am willing to sacrifice my life, even to sell my soul to the devil for her happiness. Penny, I have never tasted whiskey; I have never dabbled in the kind of life you lead after you have left us at the parties. You know I have lived clean and you know why I have done it. Some day, she will consent to become the wife of some man and the mother of his children; and then, Penny, what kind of a man will she choose? What kind of a father will she demand for her children?"

Penny's wicked laugh echoed through the room, and as he turned and strolled from the questioner to the private office, he mockingly exclaimed, "Why, you little fool, she has already answered that question for you, a man like me, of course."

A scarlet heat overspread the face of Raphael, but undaunted, he continued to talk to himself: "I have lived a life any woman should be proud of. I have thrust temptation aside for her sake and for our children's sake; but now she demands me to sell my soul to the devil for her happiness. I can't refuse her, to win her I must obey her."

The trembling hand reached forth for the deadly flask; he clutched it and raised it to his half parted lips. The clock chimed off the hour of two. Raphael hesitated until the last solemn sound had died away, then he asked himself the question: "Is this to be my turning point also?" He paused and waited for the answer. At last it came; the silent voice inside him spoke and he heeded it. His eyes flew open and he dashed the flask to the floor with a crash, and stood gazing upon it. Penny heard the noise, rushed to his supposed intoxicated victim and cried:

"You fool!" The demons of anger shot from his narrow eyes. "You have proven that you don't love her. You are an old woman and she

shall know it." With each word the tide of anger swelled until at last he stood beside Raphael and tore his hair in rage, his long, trembling fingers opening and closing with the emphasis of his words. His eyes grew into slits and from them flashed the stare of an insane man. His voice grew louder and louder as taunt after taunt was cast at the innocent head of Raphael.

At last the calm, peaceful head of Raphael was raised; the brown eyes held a look of defiance as they gazed at Penny.

"You seem to be interested in my destiny, what have you to gain by my drinking?"

Then came the answer in a flame of fire, bewildering and staggering the questioner: "I've got the hand of the girl you love and you'll drink it or I'll pour it down you." His long arms shot out around Raphael, and his fingers entwined around the neck of his antagonist.

From the outer door there came the shrill scream of a woman. Penny recognized it as that of Anna Mae. His iron grip relaxed and the limp form of Raphael sank to the floor. In an instant the light was switched off, leaving the jewelry store cloaked in darkness.

Many hours later Raphael slowly opened his eyes and lay gazing intently at the low panelled ceiling. As he did so he heard the persuasive words of a woman urging him to keep quiet.

He turned to the voice, only to meet the frank open gaze of—he rubbed his eyes, half arose, and then in a bewildered voice exclaimed:

"Anna Mae, you here?"

"Yes, Raphael, lie down you are hurt."

"Why are you here? Why did you come after saying what you did?"

"Because," she was bending close, yes very close to him, "Because, you see I love you."

"No, Anna Mae, you can't love me. I'm an old woman, I'm a house cat." He turned his face from her.

"No, Raphael, you are mine, and I am proud of you," exclaimed Anna Mae as her eyes tenderly looked into his. "Can't you understand? When I refused to marry Penny because of his wild, sinful ways, he tried to entice you and drag you to shame in order to obtain vengeance."

"But, Anna Mae, the card—you forgot you sent me a card?" The troubled look was again on the white face of Raphael.

"No, Raphael, he wrote it. Penny did it all. I was returning from the dance and stopped to pick you up. I heard and saw everything, everything, Raphael, and I am proud of you. And father is proud of you, proud that you have safely passed the turning point and that he can now entrust the management of his store to you."

Raphael was drinking deep of the glorious news, but yet his brow was troubled. He lifted his tired eyes to her in protest: "No, Anna Mae, I can't take it, I can't." He was half refusing, half rejoicing. But his half-hearted protest was soon hushed by the delicate hands of Anna Mae as she gently pressed them against the speaker's lips. The bowed head drooped still lower until their lips met. Cupid had won the last turning point and now he fluttered forth, leaving love to reign supreme.

## St. Norbert

A. C. McK.

**S**T. NORBERT is usually painted with a ciborium in his hand. He is distinguished by this symbol on account of his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which he often spoke of as the sovereign remedy for all our spiritual miseries, and the heavenly comfort given to those who receive this Divine Food, and warns us that a neglect and distaste for Holy Communion is a dangerous symptom in the spiritual life.

Norbert was born in Cleves in 1080. His father was related to the emperor, and his mother belonged to the princely house of Lorraine. God gave him a mind unusually keen and receptive and a body of strength and beauty. He made rapid progress in his studies and was honored as a student. His society was much sought after, and he allowed himself for a time to be carried away by the pleasures of the world.

His conversion reminds us of that of St. Paul. Riding to a village in Westphalia, mounted on a horse decorated in the fashion of his time and in the gala attire of a knight, he was overtaken by a violent storm. Finding himself at a great distance from shelter, he urged his horse to full speed, and as he was galloping across the plain a flash of lightning, resembling a ball of fire, fell in front of him, making a great rent in the earth. He was thrown from his horse and lay as one dead. Coming to himself, he cried out like another Saul: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Divine Grace interiorly suggested the reply: "Turn away from evil and do good; seek after peace and pursue it." Thus humbled, he became a sincere penitent. His conversion was completed by a retreat made in St. Sigbert's monastery and by the pious exhortations of the holy abbot.

Norbert was in his thirtieth year when he began to prepare himself for the priesthood. At his ordination he appeared in a lambskin cassock, tied with a cord, thus publishing to the world his renunciation of its vanities. His zeal

in preaching against the disorders of his time caused some to denounce him as an innovator and a hypocrite. The saint, having before his eyes the vanities of his past life, confessed that he deserved ill treatment and contempt, and found a holy joy in injuries and afflictions.

Soon after his ordination he resigned all preferments, sold his own estate and gave the money to the poor. Thus relieved of all ties and possessions, he traveled barefoot to St. Giles, where Pope Gelasius was at that time. He threw himself at the feet of His Holiness, and with great compunction made a general confession of his whole life, begging absolution of all his past disorders. He obtained of the Pope faculties to preach the gospel where he judged proper. It was then mid-winter, and though he walked barefoot through the snow, his ardent love of God and the desire to promote his glory seemed to make him insensible to the cold. His life was a continuous lent, and he never ate until evening.

The Bishop of Laon entreated the Pope to allow St. Norbert to locate permanently in his diocese. The Pope consented, and the bishop gave him the choice of several places. The saint selected the lonesome valley of Premontre, where he found the remains of a small abandoned chapel. Here on Christmas Day, 1121, with forty others he founded the Premonstratensian order. They were given the rule of St. Austin.

He revived the devotion of the people to the Blessed Sacrament and also to the frequent reception of Holy Communion. His order increased in number and contained ten abbeys and eight hundred religious. Among those who embraced the rule was Count Godfrey, a prominent nobleman of the empire, who led an exemplary life in the monastery, serving God as a lay brother.

Much against his wishes, St. Norbert was chosen archbishop. In this high station he lived in the same austerity as in the monastery, only his humility was more apparent. By his authority, eloquence and example he reformed many. He recovered considerable lands of the church which had become the property of powerful princes. His zeal made him enemies, and some even attempted his life, but he always pardoned them, and was ever ready to lay down his life in the defense of truth and justice. By his patience and courage he overcame his chief difficulties, and in three years was able to make the visitation of his diocese with ease and success.

After assisting at the council which the Holy Father assembled at Rheims, he returned to  
(Continued on page 47)

## Our Corpus Christi Day

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH—COLLEGE

**N**O doubt it is hard for many readers of *THE GRAIL* to picture to themselves an entirely Catholic community in this land of ours. However, thanks be to God, there are still some in these United States, even in Indiana. Yes, St. Meinrad, Abbey, Seminary, village, and country-side for miles around, is Catholic. Like to those far-off lands of Europe, here, too, the priest and Seminarian doff not their garb of religion to walk the village streets and country roads. Here, too, prayer and holy song and cross and sacred pomp are not confined within the church's walls, but put forth in God's own air and sunshine to mingle with the worshipping song of bird and splendor of creation. And though this life of faith is seen from day to day, yet on that day is it seen to best advantage, when, throughout the world, the Church puts forth the greatest efforts to show her love

and joy and worship to the Center of all religion, Corpus Christi, the Body of Christ, the Blessed Sacrament.

So come with me, good reader, and let us witness this day at St. Meinrad. Indeed, Thursday is the feast, but we must be here on Wednesday to see the preparation.

On the Sunday previous the pastor has spoken the word that assembles men here, women there, and children in their proper sphere of work. In the Seminary, studies are forgotten, and clerics, brothers, and seminarians—men and boys, yes, even boys, otherwise by nature prone to frisk and play, have become infected with that enthusiasm which unites all hands and makes for astonishing energy and results.

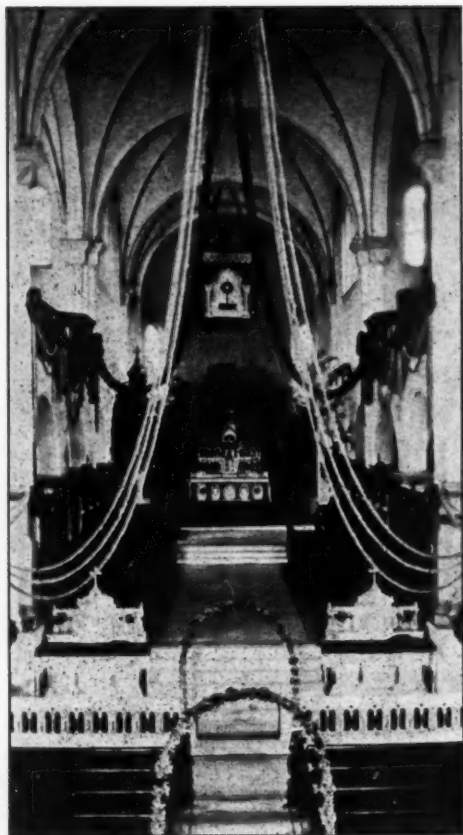
Noisy detachments of twenty-five to fifty, provided with axes, hatchets, knives, cord, and ropes, are wending their ways to various woods and groves. There they will fell oaks and cedars, cut off leaves and twigs, wrap these dextrously about the long ropes, forming luxuriant oak and cedar garlands. Hot and irksome work it is, but who thinks of that? All is forgotten when towards evening a monstrous "snake" of shouting, singing, soiled, and sweaty boys, bearing on each shoulder a portion of the beautiful garlands they have fashioned, emerges from the woods and creeps up the College hill.

Meanwhile those who have remained at the institution have by no means been idle. With praiseworthy emulation students of both College and Seminary have done their utmost to make that part of the line of march which is included in their respective grounds as worthy as possible of the Divine Majesty Who is to be borne through it. With much skill and artful design they have each reared a beautiful arch,



WELCOME TO EMMANUEL—SEMINARY





ABBAY CHURCH IN CORPUS CHRISTI ATTIRE

prepared the roadway, embellished exteriors of buildings with appropriate monograms, pictures, banners, and bunting, and, by suspending on either side of the way, the majestic garlands just brought in, give further beauty to the scene.

By this time, too, the interior of the Abbey Church presents a spectacle of imposing splendor. The Fraters\* with great skill and tireless industry have transformed its aisles and naves in a manner befitting the magnificent feast of the morrow. The central aisle is a succession of tastefully improvised arches. Great streamers of nicely blended colors hang down in graceful curves from ceiling to capitals, from column to column, and around the galleries and tops of the choir stalls. Oak-leaf garlands and wreaths, made by the industrious villagers, give a touch of natural beauty here and there.

\* *Frater*, the Latin for *brother*, is applied to the scholastics or clerics of the Abbey.

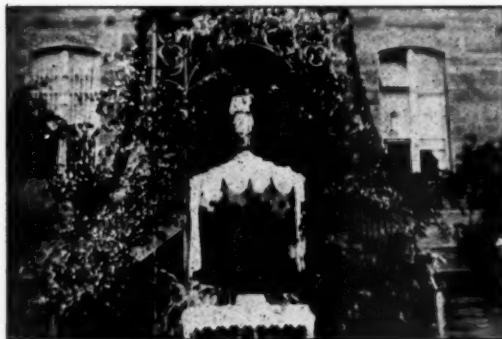
Suspended over the golden high altar, as if by magic, are great golden letters spelling "ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM—Behold the Bread of Angels"; and both altar and letters are thrown into beautiful contrast by the tender green of young saplings rearing their boughs on high behind them. And over all, suspended high above the sanctuary, a large, artistic banner of the Blessed Sacrament betokens the Object of this great solemnity.

My dear readers, if you fully know the profound and well-merited slumber of honest toil, you know the whole history of the night before Corpus Christi at St. Meinrad. Yet, as the monks at peep of dawn betake themselves to Matins, we may see students of both departments proceed with alacrity to put the finishing touches to the work interrupted by darkness the day before. There remains, too, for the lay brothers their own part of the work, the embellishment of certain parts of the grounds and the erection at the monastery entrance of a beautiful altar of repose—a task of no slight proportions.

And so the great work is done. At 8:30 the crash and peal of bells, large and small, is scattered far and wide o'er hill and echoing valley, and clergy and people in festive mood repair to church.

With all the splendor of ceremony and thrill of sacred music, Solemn High Mass is sung by the Very Rev. Prior. During this Mass two large hosts are consecrated, the second of which is enclosed in the monstrance after the Communion.

As the celebrant leaves the altar, all the priests and deacons go to the sacristy to prepare for the procession by clothing themselves in their respective sacred vestments. They then enter the sanctuary and kneel in order with lighted candles in their hands. Thereupon enter the Rt. Rev. Abbot in cope, the assistant deacons and subdeacons in sacred vestments,



ALTAR OF REPOSE

acolytes and censer bearers. Incense is placed into the thuribles, the Abbot puts on the benediction veil, ascends the altar steps, receives the monstrance from the deacon, and turns towards the assembly. Amid the perfume of incense, the ringing of bells, and the solemn swell of the "Pange Lingua," the procession is under way.

Led by the cross between two candle bearers, the great line of devout worshippers in double file proceeds on its course. First come the school children, who are followed in order by the young ladies, young men, married women, and married men, each group headed by gorgeous banners indicative of the respective church society to which its members belong. Behind these come the students of both departments numbering about two hundred in cassock and surplice, the deacons of the Seminary in various colored dalmatics, and the priests, about twenty-five, in white chasubles. The acolytes, torchbearers, and sacred ministers immediately precede and surround the Rt. Rev. Abbot, who bears the Blessed Sacrament under a beautiful canopy that is carried by four laymen of the parish.

Two full bands, one of the village, the other of the Seminary, march in the procession, furnishing alternately the music to which the monks' choir sings appropriate psalms. A chosen number of little girls, each carrying before her a basket of fresh flowers, go back and forth in pairs from their places in the line up to the sacred monstrance, where, uttering a short ejaculation of praise, they scatter their flowers in the path before Our Lord.

And thus with the full harmony of the bands, the melody of song, and the murmur of united prayer, the grand procession moves on, north to the Fraters' "Paradise," thence on the path towards the blacksmith shop, turning on to the walk that winds its way to the Abbey entrance, where all halt in order before the altar of repose now alight with numerous candles. On this altar the monstrance is placed, and, whilst the assembly solemnly intones the "Tantum Ergo" with band accompanying, the sweet offering of incense is made to the Blessed Sacrament.

This ceremony over, the line of march is resumed along the roadway, passing beneath the Seminarists' triumphal arch, then around the "annex" on to the delightfully shaded terrace of the College. Here the imposing arch and decorations of the boys gladden the hearts of all. Past the new Seminary building the procession now completes its course and enters the church. The great organ peals forth in majestic strains as the people again take their places in the church and the clergy assembles

in the sanctuary. After the monstrance has been placed on the altar, the "Tantum Ergo," versicle, and oration are sung. Then the Rt. Rev. Abbot ascends the altar, receives the monstrance into his hands, and, turning around, solemnly imparts to all by a threefold sign of the cross the pontifical benediction of our Sacramental Lord.

The imposing function is brought to a close by a Te Deum, sent up by that great throng with such universal warmth and holy vehemence as though it fain would pierce through to heaven's very portals.

And thus passes the great solemnity of Corpus Christi. Who can take part in it and not have his faith and zeal and love renewed and vivified? What memories linger with us of the past in which each year this glorious day brings to our hearts the sense of youth, of faith, and glad jubilation in the Lord! Happy the lands of faith where city street and country lane may be sanctified thus by our Lord passing through in public honor and adoration!

## St. Norbert

(Continued from page 44)

Magdeburg, where he was taken sick. After four months' illness he died the death of the just on the sixth of June, 1134. He was canonized by Gregory XIII in 1582, and Pope Urban VIII fixed his festival on the 10th of June.

## The Call

A. WHITELAW

Awake! Arise! Sons of the Free,  
To the greatest adventure that's yet to be.  
Hear ye not the clarion call  
That summons the world, but you first of all?

Are ye not their sons who for Liberty fought  
In the land where souls in freedom are wrought?  
For the conflict arise, the war of the age,  
And lift mankind to a higher stage;  
To battle for Truth, for Justice, for Right,  
Have ye not the heritage, manhood, and might?  
Yours the victory if each to self be true,  
Made in God's image, His work here to do.

Awake! Arise! hear the clarion call  
That comes to men—and to you as to all.

## Twilight

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Tall tapers stand unseen,  
Whose silver flares are stars,  
While all around earth falls  
The mystery night un-bars.

## Preparation for Holy Communion

F. J. BUNSE, S. J.

**M**ANY frequent communicants are present at Holy Mass with hardly a thought of what is going on at the altar; for, impelled by the deepest reverence for the infinite majesty of the God-man, they are completely engrossed by their private devotions, endeavoring to make themselves as worthy as possible for the reception of their "Lord and Master," or to give due thanks to the "Most High God" who was deigned to come to His poor creature; and conscious of the utter impossibility of their attempt, their efforts often become constrained and anxious, revealing the dissatisfaction they feel with the results of their endeavor.

Such efforts, being unnatural, disturbing the tranquillity of the soul and involving an unbecoming attendance at Holy Mass, cannot be intended by God. They proceed from a misconception of the primary purpose of Holy Communion and of the relation of the Eucharistic Banquet to the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

### 1.

The conduct of those communicants shows that they regard the Eucharistic Sacrament as an object of veneration rather than as the Bread of Life. But in this they are mistaken. Certainly, if the primary purpose for which Our Lord instituted the Most Venerable Sacrament were the homage that is due to the Eucharistic God-man, no effort of ours could ever render our souls so pure and holy that we would approach and receive the Holy Sacrament worthily. Such a purity and holiness is impossible for most children of Adam, from whom they have inherited their inclination to evil and their disinclination to virtue. Only a few would tremblingly dare come near their infinitely holy God. But Our loving Savior has not instituted the Holy Sacrament chiefly for our veneration, but for the preservation and strengthening of our supernatural life; He has not instituted it for a few, but for all.

Neither when promising nor when giving this Bread from heaven did He emphasize the divinity of the Person who is concealed under the sacred appearances, which He would have done, had homage been intended as the chief end of the Sacrament. He says no word of the veneration due to It, but describes Its nature as the Bread of Life: "I am the Bread of Life." And He does not impose conditions for the eating of this Bread which can hardly be fulfilled by the most virtuous: all He demands of the recipients is the state of supernatural life; for He is the Bread of "Life," the Bread

which is to preserve and to nourish their life of grace. He imposes conditions that can be fulfilled by all; for "The Bread that I will give," He says, "is My Flesh for the life of the world." It was He who was about to die for all who assures us: "Unless you eat of this Flesh and drink of this Blood, you will not have life in you."

That no other is the meaning of Our Lord's words, is taught by the Decree on frequent and daily Communion: "The desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church that all the faithful should daily approach the Sacred Banquet is directed chiefly to this end that the faithful, being united to God by means of the Sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid those graver sins to which human frailty is liable; so that its primary purpose is not that the honor and reverence due to Our Lord may be safeguarded, or that the Sacrament may serve as a reward of virtue bestowed on the recipients."

Evidently, then, far from demanding that purity and holiness which at best could be expected of but few, and which so many communicants try to acquire by constrained and anxious efforts, the Decree invites all the faithful to daily Communion though they be stained with venial sins, assuring them that the heavenly Manna does not presuppose, but is intended by Christ as the very means of acquiring that great purity and virtue which they so justly prize and so ardently wish to possess. They will, therefore, be in perfect accord with the instructions of the Decree, if they abandon their well-meant, but exaggerated efforts and are satisfied with "a serious preparation and a suitable thanksgiving according to their strength, circumstances and duties."

### 2.

Those communicants will now naturally ask how they can avoid their constraint and yet be becomingly prepared for so sacred a Banquet. The answer is obvious. As soon as they understand the true relation of Holy Communion to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, they will at once recognize the most suitable and natural preparation in Holy Mass itself attended in the spirit of the Church.

Holy Communion is not the mere reception of the Blessed Sacrament without any relation to the Holy Sacrifice: it is a sacrificial Banquet, of which the priest partakes as the completion of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and of which the



faithful, according to the practice introduced by Christ Himself and preserved by the Church, should partake preferably after the completion of the Sacrifice.

Christ gave this Bread to His apostles immediately after the first Eucharistic Sacrifice. This is clear from the words He employed on that occasion: "Taking bread He gave thanks and broke and gave to them saying: This is My Body which is given for you"; and: "Drink ye all of this; for this is My Blood of the New Testament which is shed for many unto remission of sins." For this "Giving of the Body" and "Shedding of Blood" are the sacrificial terms expressive of the sacrificial action which He was at that moment performing.

St. Paul emphasizes this sacrificial character of Holy Communion: "Are not they that eat of the sacrifices, partakers of the altar? . . . We have an altar whereof they have no power to eat who serve the (Jewish) tabernacle." Among the first Christians Holy Mass without the sacramental Communion of all who were present at the Sacrifice was unknown.

It is true that various causes, in the course of centuries, especially persecutions, indifference and error, introduced other customs. But the Council of Trent calls attention to the "desire of God," "which was so well understood by the first Christians, who were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles and in the communication of the breaking of Bread," and expresses its "desires that at each Mass the faithful who are present should communicate. . . by the sacramental participation of the Eucharist that thereby a more abundant fruit might be derived to them from the Most Holy Sacrifice."

Holy Communion, therefore, is represented to us as something intimately connected with the Holy Sacrifice, as the sacrificial Bread laid for us on the altar of Sacrifice, as the Eucharist by whose sacramental participation we derive abundant fruit from the Most Holy Sacrifice. In a word, it is the sacrificial Banquet which is to convey to us the fruits of the Sacrifice. Is it, then, not most proper that we be present at the Sacrifice whose fruits we wish to taste? Certainly, attendance at Holy Mass is the most natural "preparation" for Holy Communion.

But, what is of first importance, it is the most fruitful preparation, rendering us truly pleasing to the Father and meriting, as it were, our invitation to the Sacrificial Banquet. For by an active participation in the Holy Sacrifice we unite our personal efforts with the action of the sacrificing priest who represents the Church and Christ Himself, in whom the Father is well pleased.

We adore and surrender ourselves to God in union with Christ; for we offer bread and wine, those requisites of life and symbols of our own selves, not as merely natural elements and in our own name, but as elements sanctified and transubstantiated into the Eucharistic Body and Blood of Christ and in the name of Christ, signifying that we wish to be holy members of His mystical Body, pleasing to the Father and dedicated to His service in life and in death.

Our thanksgiving, too, becomes acceptable to God; for we offer to Him in Christ and through Christ and with Christ a Gift worthy of His infinite majesty and liberality.

And offering through Christ and in Christ the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, we are certain of rendering the Father propitious and of receiving from Him the gift of contrition and pardon, and the remission of temporal punishments.

Lastly, our petitions for strength to lead a life of virtue, and our intercession for the whole Church militant and the Church suffering, being made through Christ, have the Son's own pledge of being welcome to the Father and of finding a benign hearing.

Briefly, our adoration and thanksgiving, our propitiation and petitions are regarded by the Father as the perfect service of His own beloved Son, and in recognition of this perfect service He invites us to the sacrificial Banquet in order to return to us the Gift we have offered Him.

What, then, must be our conclusion? Though we are not obliged to receive Holy Communion during Mass, it is evidently much more becoming to take the sacrificial Gift from the altar during the Eucharistic Sacrifice; for all our merely personal, though ever so ardent efforts to make ourselves worthy of Holy Communion can never make us as "worthy" of It as when we "prepare" ourselves in union with Christ at Holy Mass; for by uniting with the divine Priest in offering the Holy Sacrifice, whatever we lack in worthiness is supplied by Him in whom the Father is well pleased.

We should feel a day incomplete, even our busiest day, if we had not made some act of reparation to our sacramental God.—Faber.

## O Sacrum Convivium

O Banquet Sacred and Divine,  
My soul with rue and love entwine.  
The crimson nails, the bitter gall,  
The piercing thorns to me recall.  
A pledge to me of endless grace  
Be e'er my Savior's sweet embrace.

JAMES J. O'CONNOR, in *St. Vincent College Journal*.

## Out of the Blessing

Our informant, whose name we are asked to withhold, vouches for the truth of the following sketch which "is the story of my father's home" beyond the Atlantic.—EDITOR.

**D**URING the French Revolution one of the despised Aristocrats, the scion of a noble house, left his name and home, and settled in a small village near Strassburg in Alsace. There he took up the business of village weaver. With two looms, one for weaving flax into linen and the other for bombazine, from which men's suits and women's skirts were made, he was kept quite busy. If a stranger occasionally asked the way to his good friend the weaver, no one thought anything of it. Not many, however, noticed that often the stranger wasn't seen nor heard of any more, for no one knew that the humble weaver had a secret panel that hid many a weary, heartsick priest, who was sick unto death and sorely in need of help.

As time passed and the weaver learned of a few of his neighbors who still clung to the faith, in the goodness of his heart he allowed them to come to his home for midnight Mass and the sacraments, as night was the only time that the poor priest dared to come out of his little cell. Had the priest been caught, the weaver and his whole family would have been sent to the guillotine.

Alas for the faith of man! All too soon was it whispered about that a priest was hidden. The gendarmes came without delay. With their bayonets they cut open every feather bed and knocked on every panel only to leave again in disgust, until one day when one of the few trusted ones turned traitor and led the mob to the secret panel, but God was with His own and the panel would not move. For three days they raved and tore the house upside down, but still they could not find the spring which opened that panel. The priest, however, with a wisp of straw at his mouth to breathe through, was lying safe in a trench under a dung pile in the garden.

The weaver had a little son just seven years old. So well had the child learned his lesson that he was chosen to guard that little wisp of straw. No one noticed that when he pushed it aside he would step back over it again. They thought he merely wanted to see the swords cut into that pile until, tired out, the mob would leave in disgust. At night the priest was helped out of his hiding place and rubbed down. He would read his Mass and take food so that by daybreak he could crawl back into his trench again where he remained three days until all had quieted down.—Another came who was so

sick that it seemed that the end was near, but they all prayed and God spared him long enough to cross the Rhine where he died and was given Christian burial.

Our good friend the weaver took no money, yet he saw that his departing guest had enough to cross the frontier with, but each guest at departing was asked to bless the little son that he and his descendants unto the third generation might not die without the last sacraments.—It happens that a descendant of the fourth generation, a generation beyond that for which the blessing was asked, is now eagerly awaiting Holy Orders. Truly God is never outdone in generosity.

## The New Societe Mabillon

DOM OMER HILLMAN MOTT, O. S. B.

The fruits of monastic historical research have, through the inauguration of the new Société Mabillon, been made accessible not only to those who are committed *ex professo* to the study of history but as well to all lovers of historical studies. Several months ago there was formed under the direction of Dom Charvin and other members of the editorial board of the *Revue Mabillon* a new learned Society, the primary object of which is the maintenance and diffusion of historical knowledge especially as it bears upon monasticism. The interim of inactivity, from 1914-1919,—during which time all literary work on the *Revue* and Archives was suspended—and the almost universal mendicancy following in the wake of the late war, have left the *Revue's* redaction in a financial quagmire.

The *Revue* was founded in 1905, and in the few years of its literary life it has produced a collection of thirty two volumes. The editorial program at the present time, already well advanced, includes a continuation of the work on *Les Abbayes et Prieurés de l'Ancienne France* which when completed will yield six volumes. The *Vié de Justes* of the Congregation of Saint Maur by Dom Marténe is now undergoing recension and discussion by a monk of Solesmes; and when completed, this work will furnish two large volumes. There is also to be published, in five volumes, a complete history of the Maurist Congregation. Finally, the herculean *Chapitres Généraux et des Visites de l'Ordre de Cluny du XIII au XVIII siècle*, is to be encompassed in no fewer than ten volumes. Specialists have been engaged in the various departments of research, and the work will treat of the history of the monastic institutions, the internal organization and the external influence of the Cluniacs not only in France,

but also in England, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Italy and Poland.

American scholars may aid in a substantial degree their confreres abroad by enrolling themselves as members of the Société Mabillon. Donors (Membres donateurs) make a single payment of 100 francs. Associate members make a single payment of 500 francs. The annual subscription to the *Revue* and to the two volumes of the *Archives de la France Monastique* costs \$5.00. One cannot easily be of other persuasion than that membership in the Société is hardly to be considered altruistic, nor again that the redaction is playing the rôle of eleemosynary: for the members receive free of charge all works published by the Société.

Scholars who are interested in this great project are urged to communicate with Dom Gaston Charvin, Abbaye de Ligugé, Chevetogne (Prov. de Namur), Belgique.

## Dissolution of Erdington Abbey

In the May number of THE GRAIL reference was made to the recent dissolution of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Erdington, near Birmingham, England, which was founded over half a century ago, by monks from Beuron. As these monks came originally from Germany, the sad consequences of the recent World War made their final departure inevitable. We have just come into possession of a letter written by a gentleman of Erdington to his daughter. This gentleman was intimately acquainted with the monks and, while his letter was not primarily intended for publication, we feel that his description of the last days of the Abbey, and the relations that existed between monks and people, will be read with interest.

Erdington, March 23, 1922.

My dear C—,

You have asked me to give you some account of the departure of our Monks from their Abbey. I will try to do so, for I can realize your desire for first hand information. But the chief difficulty is to choose whereabouts to begin: for the moment my thoughts are allowed to turn backward, unpleasing memories crowd upon each other so as to render utterance, whether by speech or screeed, unprofitable, and indeed unwholesome. Now if I have learned Abbot Ansgar aright, and I am fain to believe that I have, such memories must on no account be indulged in, and the closing supplement to the History of Erdington Abbey can therefore, as it seems to me, never be written.

I elect, then, to commence with Christmas Eve last. Of course rumour with its unmusical voice had sounded the knell in my ears, and my own instinct told me what the end must (short of a miracle) inevitably be. Still, like Father Abbot himself, I hoped on to the very end. But although I had experienced the discord of the rumour and the bitterness of the instinct, I had

had no word from him, and so when I went to his room at 10:26 p. m. that night to escort him to the choir for Matins, I wished him in the usual course "A happy Christmas—if (I added) such a thing as happiness is possible—but of course it is possible!" "Yes," said he, very quickly and with emphasis, "it is possible, in the Lord." Repeating as customary with any thought that specially strikes him: "In the Lord." That was all. But I knew, and he knew that I knew, that I had come officially for him to officiate here pontifically for the last time. And this he made clear when he called at our house a few days later, really to bid us farewell in our home.

Time passed and still matters lingered on, waiting for Rome's authority, but packing continued and the bulk of the community goods were dispatched with the hanging of the purple, and on Sexagesima Sunday Father Abbot preached at High Mass upon the Epistle of the day, working his subject round to the exclamation of St. Paul on the occasion of his wonderful conversion, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The congregation hung upon his every word, and when finally he made the announcement (he read it) that the end had come, that the Abbey and Parish were about to be handed over to the Redemptorist Fathers, and himself and community of St. Thomas at Erdington to depart after so many years, there was probably no dry eye in the church, except may be his own. He had himself magnificently in hand albeit the state of his feelings were plainly apparent. That evening we sang Vespers for the last time (for the remaining time simply said) and Father Lambert preached his farewell sermon, coming perilously near to a breakdown, now and again his voice trailing off to a whisper. He positively pleaded with his people to think and judge leniently of whatever had been amiss during his years as Parish Priest, and undertook to say Mass at Bethlehem and the Holy Places in atonement therefor. The whole parish united in raising a fund that enabled a suitable amount in money (such being the best and most useful form, in the circumstances) to be presented by way of testimonial, to Fr. Lambert our Parish Priest, to Fr. Maternus his assistant, and to the Abbot and community. This of course in addition to a number of private personal gifts. This phase of the matter certainly left nothing to be desired.

On Monday after Sexagesima the Redemptorists arrived, and on Quinquagesima they sang the High Mass.—In the evening we sang Compline—this also for the last time.

On Thursday after the first Sunday in Lent the last official documents were received, and on the second Sunday Fr. Lambert sang High Mass, and although he did not himself preach, he entered the pulpit before the sermon, acknowledged the presentation on behalf of all, and bade his parishioners farewell. Next day the Prior sang the Mass of St. Gregory, after which Fr. Lambert formally handed over the parish to Fr. Hull, the succeeding Parish Priest, and on Tuesday he took his own departure—quite quietly. That night the



Abbot and two Monks said Compline in Chior, and on Wednesday he disappeared, and the Choir was silenced. On Thursday the others left, except Fr. Maternus and Fr. Bernard, who staid behind to take the Redemptorists through the parish. These two heard most of the confessions last Saturday night and Sunday morning, standing as Ministers at the High Mass, faithfully to the end. The Abbot's throne is gone from the Choir, the back stalls were empty; the boys in the front stalls looking very lonely in what seemed a vast solitude, formed the entire Choir. Subdued, but quite undaunted, they sang everything straight through by themselves, trembling somewhat at the Introit, but gaining courage at the Kyrie, so that the Gradual and Tract seemed to proceed quite comfortably. Would that their singing could last—never be supplanted, as indeed it will nevermore be bettered!

Now we come to St. Benedict's Day, when his shrine blazed beyond former record. We had the Mass of the Common, for the Missale Monasticum was gone from our altars. In the afternoon I saw Fr. Bernard off from Newstreet Station. At 8 p. m. Fr. Maternus was Celebrant at Solemn Benediction, after which I bade him good-bye, for I knew it was his intention to steal secretly away the next morning. So now the last Monk has gone, and that page in Life's Book is turned over.

What then is the conclusion? There is no conclusion. We must go on, and although gone from our midst and it is unlikely we will see him again this side of heaven, Ansgar is still Abbot of Erdington, and probably will retain the title to the end of his life. He, with two Fathers with him and Brother Dominic, has gone to St. Joseph's Coesfeld, Westphalia, from whence in due time they will go to Weingarten, Wuerttemberg, to which place some of his former Monks (as it would appear) have already gone.

Fr. Lambert, with Br. Hubert, has gone to Jerusalem, to a monastery of the Beuron Congregation situated on Mt. Sion, attached to which is the Latin Patriarch's seminary, and in which he is to be professor.

Fr. Bernard has gone back to his old monastery of Emmaus at Prague. Fr. Maternus to Louvain, whence he is ultimately to proceed to Rome—San Anselmo—presumably in connection with Foreign Missions.

This then is the parting point, and in such a state of staggering loss I am trying to resist the temptation to utter a Threnody, realizing that the Lamentations of Jeremias the Prophet will the better serve. Fr. Abbot is known to have admitted that he was broken-hearted, and this will equally apply to Father Lambert. But such a courage had they, and such was the object lesson they gave, that all the people who owe them obedience after what manner soever, are bound to imitate them in their patient courage during their much protracted agony. Even now their troubles are by no means ended, but remain difficulties before them, and which they have set out to overcome in patient silence. It is for us to try how we can imitate this patience and silence.

You will not forget them, etc.

## Queries from Readers

1. Recently I read that rosaries and other religious articles do not lose their blessing and indulgence if they are given to another person. Is that correct?—A lover of indulgences.

Ans. Yes. Indulgences attached to Rosaries and other objects cease only when the Rosaries and other objects are destroyed or are sold. However, though you may lend or give your Rosary, etc., to another without its losing the blessing or indulgence attached to it, still that other person cannot gain the indulgence for himself. Only the one for whom the object was blessed can gain the indulgence.

2. At a mission we were told that the best way to assist at Mass is to follow the priest at the altar. How can that be done?—A reader of THE GRAIL.

Ans. To follow the priest at the altar is to offer the Holy Sacrifice together with him, having in mind the general intentions of Holy Church and your own particular wants. It means, moreover, that we say the same prayers which the priest says at the altar. If we cannot do this in Latin, we may use a missal in which the prayers are translated into English. Although one may say any prayers he wishes and still attend Mass properly, yet no prayers are more appropriate or more beautiful and impressive than those of holy liturgy with which the priest offers the Holy Sacrifice.

3. Can one gain the merit of attending two or more Masses said at the same time?—Vincennes, Ind.

Ans. Yes. However, if, for example, one is obliged to hear two Masses as a penance or by vow, he cannot fulfill his obligation in this manner, but must hear two Masses successively.

4. When and by whom was the second part of the Hail Mary composed?—C. G.

Ans. "Holy Mary," etc., were added by the Church to the words of Scripture contained in the first part. In early times this second part had various forms. St. Athanasius used to say, "Pray for us, Patron and Lady, Queen and Mother of God." From the time of the so-called Reformation it was customary to end with the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us." The final clause now in use dates from the time of Pope St. Pius V, who directed it to be printed in all the authorized prayer books.

5. When did May Devotions originate?—C. G.

Ans. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary dates back to the most ancient times of Christianity. The custom of setting aside certain days in her honor spread more and more as time went on. In the 17th century arose the practice of dedicating the month of May to the Blessed Virgin. Pope Leo XIII in his "Rosary Encyclical" prescribed the daily recitation of the Rosary during this month.

6. Will you please explain through "The Grail" the meaning of Whitsunday? This Feast is also celebrated with a picnic on Monday by Germans. Long Branch, N. J.

Ans. Whitsunday—White Sunday—is the name given to Pentecost, because in early times those who were baptized on the Saturday before, that is on the Vigil, wore white garments during the following days. The catechumens were ordinarily baptized on Holy Saturday. Those left over from that day were baptized on the Saturday before Pentecost. This is why the blessing of Holy Water and the other ceremonies on both Saturdays are so much alike.—Whitsunday must not be confused with the Sunday after Easter which is called Low Sunday, *Dominica in Albis, Weisser Sonntag*.

In Catholic countries formerly the two days after  
(Continued on page 61)

## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Like to a soaring bird are the soaring machines whose photographs arrived recently from Germany. The ability of man to rise and fly without an engine marks the beginning of a new epoch in man's conquest of the air. The future 'flivver' of the air will probably be a 'soarer' equipped with a very light motor to furnish power in an emergency.

—It is now safer than ever before to ride on the railways. This is the fruit of the 'Safety First' campaigns, as the government statistics show.

—Will the direct current era of electricity again return? Vacuum tubes have been found to change alternating current into direct current, and vice versa. For electric railways the direct current is more efficient, but alternating current is used because of transmission trouble. The future electric lines will probably have a little substation with several small vacuum tubes to change from one form of current to the other.

—Spoilage in canned goods is avoided by a new method of canning, which uses an inert gas. The cans, with the food in them, are sealed with the lid, only a small opening remaining in the lid. The remaining air is then pumped out and carbon dioxide pumped in, whereupon the little hole is also sealed.

—Scientific road legislation is taking the hit-or-miss characteristic out of America's road system. The Federal Highway Act passed last November has given Government aid up to seven per cent of each State's road mileage. Of this seven per cent, three must be for roads that are interstate. This last provision of the law will produce a system of national roads. The Act provides that all roads and bridges of this system must be free of toll. Under its provisions, the nation and states may expend a hundred and fifty million dollars during the present year.

—The 'cheaper than gas' electric automobile and truck, so long heralded as a competitor of the ordinary gasoline driven automobile, is now on the market. Several years of experimentation have given splendid promise which must now verify itself under the acid test of practical use.

—The problems for better transportation of passengers and freight both for city and country traffic have brought forth many suggestions. The most plausible for possible adoption are: vast arcades tunneling through the city blocks; elevators carrying commuters to spacious airplane landing stations above the highest roofs; double decked streets, the upper one like to the present elevated railroads; increased use of trucks and automobiles due to better roads; large containers for freight to be loaded onto flat cars by derricks, and unloaded at destination immediately onto trucks.

—Imagine two railway coaches coupled together with one of the adjacent trucks removed and the other placed so as to support the ends of both cars with the cou-

pling pin serving likewise as a king pin to permit the turn at curves and you have the method now used in England to gain space and save weight for trains. It is suggested that a like system be adopted in this country for greater economy in railway service.

—Spanning the Atlantic with the electrical energy of an ordinary electric light was the outstanding feature of one of the twenty-seven American amateurs whose messages were received across the ocean at a station in Scotland.

—The idea of greatest practical importance for the future development of the country is claimed to be the plan of locating electrical power plants throughout the country wherever water power is available. Such units would mean greater distribution of the nation's population throughout the rural districts with corresponding social changes.

—The successful operation of the mail airplanes covering long distances by means of repeated stops for replenishing fuel has led to the plan for the same method over the ocean. It is suggested to anchor floating stations in midocean as places for securing gasoline, etc.

—A twelve-year-old boy in New York has an unprecedented range of voice for singing. He can range over nearly six octaves,—from C below middle C to the A above the piano board. Compare this with star opera singers with only two and one half octaves.

—A new pest, called "blister rust," threatens to destroy our forests of white pine.

—Hundreds of lives and millions of dollars have been saved in the last two years as a result of better knowledge of the hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. A study of the waves which reach ahead of the storm center some three to five hundred miles enable the weather man to predict accurately the point on the coast where the hurricane will strike. The storm warnings enable the people to prepare for the danger.

—The artificial daylight from our electric lamps is the result of wonderful automatic machinery. Any change in lamp manufacture involves so much expense that only radical changes effecting great economies or efficiency will be considered. The scientists in the great lamp laboratories today could probably show us, if permitted to do so, electric lamps which burn only a fraction of the current used by present lamps, and with a longer life.

—Crash! The beautiful glass vase slipped from your hand and should be broken into a thousand pieces. Not if it is made of the new unbreakable glass, invented by Dr. Horak of Bohemia. In a recent demonstration, the inventor drove glass nails with a glass hammer, melted tin in a glass crucible, heated a thin glass tumbler until it would char wood and then plunged it immediately into water,—all without breakage.

—A new low-freezing dynamite is proving very valuable for draining swamps. Its present record is

a ditch 700 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 4½ feet deep in a fraction of a second. Four men worked a few hours thrusting the sticks into the soft soil in preparation for the blast.

—The world's greatest power and irrigation project is to be the damming of the Colorado at Boulder Canyon, on the border line between Nevada and Arizona. Its immensity may be seen by comparison. It will cost more than the Panama Canal; it will have ten times the storage capacity of the largest present reservoir—the Assuan dam on the Nile; its dam will rise 735 feet high. It proposes to develop six million acres of arid land, to control the flood from the mighty Colorado, and to develop five million horse power of electrical energy. Seven states and the country of Mexico will be affected by this the largest government project so far undertaken.

—Tests reveal that watch springs break more readily during a thunder shower than at other times. This is due to the moisture forming rust on the springs.

—Udo, jujube, dasheen, chayote, petsai, avocados, pistachio,—no, they are not words of an unknown language, but names of vegetables, nuts, or fruits that the United States Government is introducing from foreign lands, and which you may be enjoying soon with as much relish as in eating the navel Orange or the date palm which arrived on our shores through the same agent only a few years ago. The udo has a unique flavor and resembles asparagus. The shoots are often two feet long, whilst the plant does not need replanting in ten years. The jujube fruit, when candied, tastes like dates. The dasheen is the rival of the potato. The chayote belongs to the cucumber family, but is more democratic in its possibilities for use. The petsai is the great rival of lettuce, grows with half the cost anywhere throughout the country. The avocado is a fruit. The pistachio nuts are the little green nuts used so often in ice cream and cake.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

—The beautiful basilica of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, long famed as a place of pilgrimage, was gutted by fire on March 29. The relics and the statue of the saint were saved. A large wooden of the great St. Anne, which stood over the facade midway between the two large towers of the basilica, was uninjured although an iron rod that braced it to the roof was melted by the intense heat, nor was the statue harmed by the falling towers, which toppled in an opposite direction. The property loss was estimated at about \$1,200,000. A grand basilica somewhat larger than its predecessor will soon rise phoenix-like from the ashes of the shrine just destroyed. A temporary structure, however, will be constructed to take care of the pilgrims who wish to visit St. Anne's this summer.

—The summer school movement at our Catholic colleges and universities is growing. As early as the middle of April forty-two institutions had announced the date of the opening of their summer sessions.

—Harry P. Nawn, K. S. G., nationally known as a construction engineer, died at Gilboa, N. Y., where he was building the Gilboa Dam, which is to furnish the main water supply for New York. The funeral was held at St. Hugh's Church, Roxbury, Mass.

—St. Mary's College, under the charge of the Resurrectionist Fathers at St. Mary's, Ky., which celebrated its centenary a year ago, will be transferred from near Lebanon, Ky., to Louisville, where property has been acquired for that purpose.

—According to the latest statistics Australia and New Zealand have over 1,200,000 Catholics. There are nine archbishops, nineteen bishops, and 1500 priests, where one hundred years ago there was only one priest and no church. At present there are 2200 churches and 1600 schools.

—The *Official Catholic Directory* for 1922 shows the estimated Catholic population of continental United States to be 18,104,804. Two of the 17 archbishops are cardinals; there are 93 bishops, two archbishops, two archabbots, 16 abbots, and 22,049 priests; 10,994 churches have resident priests, while 5,621 missions have churches. The archdioceses, dioceses, and vicariates-apostolic number 102 in which there are 113 seminaries with an attendance of 8,698 students. The parochial schools number 6,258, besides 940 colleges and academies in which 1,852,498 children are receiving instruction. Moreover, the Church supports 304 orphanages that provide a home for 48,721 little ones, and 119 homes care for the aged poor. The total Catholic population of the United States and its possessions is 28,558,048.

—The Sisters of Service is a new Canadian foundation that has been established with ecclesiastical approbation at Toronto. While these sisters will wear no distinctive religious garb—that they may the more successfully counteract in the outlying districts, both in the school and in the home, the baneful influence of unscrupulous proselytizers—they will begin their life-work with a year's novitiate and the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

—A beautiful mausoleum chapel of carrara marble is to be erected at a cost of more than \$150,000 in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Denver, by the family of the recently deceased multi-millionaire, Verner Z. Reed, who was received into the Church on his deathbed. Provision will be made in the mausoleum for twelve bodies. The chapel, which will contain an altar, will accommodate about twenty persons. During life Mr. Reed was very generous to the Church.

—The first official document of Pope Pius XI was a "motu proprio" which decreed that henceforward at least fifteen days, instead of ten as heretofore, should intervene between the death of a pope and the election of his successor. If need be, this time may be prolonged to eighteen days. This will give those cardinals who live at a great distance ample time to reach Rome for the conclave.

—New York City has 11,000 policemen. Of this number 3,000, under the auspices of the Police Department Holy Name Society, attended 8 o'clock Mass at St.



Patrick's Cathedral on a Sunday morning early in April for their annual communion. These members represented only those who lived in Manhattan and the Bronx. Only fifty per cent of the Catholic policemen were excused from duty so as to attend the Mass.

—The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is endeavoring to enrol 100,000 members in the New England States by June.

—John Theodore Comes, recognized as one of our leading authorities on ecclesiastical architecture, died at his home in Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 20.

—Each year the custom of closing business houses, theaters, and other public places from 12 to 3 p. m. on Good Friday is becoming more universal in our larger cities. The churches are crowded at these hours to pay homage to the dying Savior. Each year, too, the impressive ceremonies of Holy Week are being carried out more fully to the edification of the faithful. The number of frequent and daily communicants in Lent is also increasing by leaps and bounds. It is gratifying to note the great multitudes of those who approached the sacraments on Easter. At Denver Cathedral six priests were kept busy for seven hours in the confessional on Holy Saturday and on Easter morning 3,000 approached the Holy Table.

—The Laymen's Week End Retreat of Philadelphia has acquired a new home at the Malvern retreat house which can accommodate sixty laymen. The dedication was set for May 21.

—The cause of Mother Mary of Jesus, who founded at Paris about fifty years ago the Little Sisters of the Assumption, an order that nurses the sick poor, will soon be taken up by the Congregation of Rites at Rome. By their rule the Little Sisters are permitted to nurse only such as are unable to pay for their services. What a boon to God's suffering poor.

—On the occasion of his recent golden jubilee in the priesthood, Father James Bink of Cochin China was surrounded at the altar by twelve nephews, grand-nephews, and cousins, of whom all are priests.

—In April cyclones swept over a number of states, killing thirty-two persons, injuring nearly 500, and doing considerable damage to property. Great loss resulted also from floods especially in the lower Mississippi valley. Secretary Weeks of the War Department asked Congress for quick action in granting relief. In less than an hour both Houses passed a bill, which was signed by the President, appropriating \$1,000,000 for strengthening levees or embankments. The War Department also ordered 4,000,000 bags sent to points between Cairo and New Orleans. Filled with sand, these bags are used to reenforce weak places in the levees or to increase the height of those that are low.

—The Servite Fathers, who have charge of the Assumption parish, St. John's, Portland, Oregon, will build a place of pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows. The project has the approbation and blessing of Archbishop Christie and the special blessing of Pope Pius XI. The new shrine, which is to be a place of

pilgrimage for the Catholics of the Northwest, is to be erected in a grove of firs. Leading up to the shrine will be seven stations portraying the Seven Sorrows of Mary. Over the main altar in the shrine proper, to be called the Sanctuary of Our Desolate Mother, there will be a statue of Mary in her desolation after the burial of Jesus. One of the side altars will be dedicated to St. Jude the Apostle, patron of hopeless cases, the other, to St. Peregrine, a saint of the Servite Order, patron of those who suffer from sore limbs.

—On Easter Sunday while Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., was preaching at St. James Pro-Cathedral, lightning struck the sacred edifice, sending a shaft down one of the chandeliers and shattering another. A fragment of the broken chandelier just missed the Bishop, who assured the congregation that there was no danger and then continued his sermon.

—Under the new tariff bill altars, pulpits, communion rails, baptismal fonts, shrines, and statuary, imported in good faith for presentation, without charge, are admitted free of duty to any church or religious organization. Under like restrictions the bill also admits free of duty works of art, including pictorial paintings on glass and stained or painted glass, providing the latter are works of art valued at \$15.00 or more per square foot. Rosaries and similar articles of devotion are taxed.

—The Cunard Steam Ship Company Limited has sent a circular to priests with the information that "not only will altars be installed on ships sailing to Cobh (Queenstown), but on all ships of the Cunard Line sailing to Liverpool, to Cherbourg and Southampton, and to London and Hamburg. The *Berengaria*, *Aquitania*, *Mauretania*, *Laconia*, *Samaria*, *Scythia*, *Carmania*, *Caronia*, and *Sazonia* are to be equipped with altars immediately. Heretofore priests were unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice while crossing the Atlantic on this line.

—Dr. York Russell, a Negro physician of New York City, a convert to the Faith and a man of unbounded charity, died recently. There was an unusual spectacle at the funeral—six pastors of prominent Protestant churches attended the Requiem Mass and acted as pallbearers.

—One of the features of the Mobile Mardi Gras Carnival this year was the first appearance of a new Carnival society, "The Krewe of Columbus," the membership of which is composed of the younger people in the local council of the Knights of Columbus. On twelve beautifully designed floats the Krewe illustrated the "Discovery of America." The citizens were loud in their praise of the fine showing made by this newest of the Carnival Societies and all admired the beautiful floats and the handsome costumes of the Krewe.

R.

#### MISSIONS

—The Third Order Regular of Mary, which has charge of schools, orphanages, and hospitals in oceanica, has sent three nuns to Boston to open a convent

in the hope of securing recruits from America for the missions.

—May the third was the one hundredth anniversary of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. During the time of its existence the Society has received possibly in excess of \$100,000,000 from all parts of the world for mission purposes. Of this amount France contributed fifty per cent, the United States, \$11,000,000. Depending upon alms for their support are 60,000 missionaries of whom 15,000 are priests, 4,000 teaching brothers, 40,000 sisters, besides native priests, brothers, and sisters.

—In 1921 American Catholics contributed the splendid sum of \$94,327.75 to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith for foreign mission work.

—Following the International Eucharistic Congress at Rome, an International Congress of Missionaries will be held on June 1, 2, 3 to celebrate the centenary of the Propaganda. On the closing day of the Congress the Holy Father will give an audience to the missionaries.

—The Seminary of St. Francis Xavier is the name of a new seminary to be erected at Montreal, Canada, for the education of priests for the foreign missions.

#### BENEDICTINE

—Very Rev. Dean Ambrose Reger, O. S. B., pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Corbin, Ky., a very zealous missionary who has succeeded in building up a flourishing parish and the St. Camillus Academy in a community where much ignorance and consequent bigotry prevailed, celebrated his silver sacerdotal jubilee on April 19. Because of his efforts to further the cause of the religious and civic welfare of the community, he has endeared himself to all irrespective of religious persuasion.

—Bro. Bruno Huebner, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., a convert from Lutheranism, recently celebrated the golden jubilee of his profession.

—The Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., successor to Rt. Rev. Peter Engel, O. S. B., as Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., received the abbatial benediction and was installed in his exalted office on May 3, the Solemnity of St. Joseph.

—Rev. Columban Bregenzer, O. S. B., for twenty years pastor at Sturgis, S. D., has been appointed Vicar General of the Lead Diocese.

—The papers are carrying the report that Joseph Bonnet, the famous organist at the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, now visiting in this country, will renounce his position to enter the Benedictine Abbey at Quarr on the Isle of Wight, where he will prepare himself for the priesthood.—While at Denver recently Mr. Bonnet is said to have expressed his surprise that anyone should use prayers other than the Mass prayers at the Holy Sacrifice when it is possible for him to follow the Ordinary of the Mass.

—During the past four or five years the monks of Caldey have been giving a passion play on the Fridays in Lent and on Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week.

The actors do not appear in stage costume but in their white habits and cowls. The purple hangings and the lighting effect are said to make the performance very impressive.

—Dom Omer Hillman Mott, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, Belmont, N. C., who for some time past has been contributing the "Benedictine Chronicle" to THE GRAIL, will be elevated to the priesthood on June 4. THE GRAIL offers heartiest congratulations and best wishes for many fruitful years in the sacred ministry.

—Bro. Giles Laugel, O. S. B., who is a member of the community at St. Meinrad, Ind., but who for many years has been assisting Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., veteran missionary among the Sioux Indians at Fort Totten, N. D., will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his profession on June 24. A master of the Sioux tongue, Bro. Giles sets the type for and prints *Sina Sapa Wocekiye Taeyanpaha* (Herald of the Catholic Faith) a monthly in the language of the Indians. *Ad multos annos!*

—The *Indian Sentinel* for April has the following to say about the Indian missionary at St. Paul Mission, Ravinia, South Dakota: "The zealous young missionary among the Yankton Sioux, Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., paid a flying visit to New York and Washington during the month of March. The purpose of his visit was to secure Sisters for the mission school which he intends to build on the Yankton Reservation. The enthusiasm of the Indian missionary is contagious. He obtained the promise of Mother Katharine Drexel that Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament would be sent for the opening of the school in September. Father Sylvester has boundless faith and untiring energy, as well as a businesslike way of getting at the source of funds. A section of the school building will be erected and school will be opened at the appointed time. With such a pious and efficient young missionary, there is no danger that the work of the pioneers will lapse."

—Forty-nine years ago, Sept. 18, 1873, the Rt. Rev. Frowin Conrad, O. S. B., established at Conception, Mo., a monastery which was raised to the dignity of an abbey on April 5, 1881, with the founder as Abbot. During these many years of unremitting and indefatigable labors the zealous Abbot has accomplished much for the Church in the West. Owing to the infirmities consequent on old age, Abbot Frowin petitioned the Holy See to grant him a coadjutor with the right of succession who might take over the management of the Abbey and the flourishing college connected therewith. On May 10 the Rt. Rev. Abbot Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Meinrad, presided at the election, which resulted in the choice of Very Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., for some years past prior of St. Michael's Priory, Cottonwood, Idaho. The abbatial benediction will take place on June 13.—By a special privilege, for which provision is made in the Constitutions of the Swiss-American Congregation, the results of an election need not be sent to Rome for confirmation. The new abbot receives canonical approbation immediately from the abbot who presides at the election.



AGNES BROWN HERING

**M**Y DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—June, the month of roses, the month of the Sacred Heart, is with us again. Everyone loves June. And why not? Nature is at her loveliest.

"Every clod feels a stir of might;  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

"Buds are bursting into bloom. Birds are singing. It is as easy now for the heart to be true as the grass to be green or the skies to be blue."

There are important feast days in June. The feast of Pentecost is observed on Sunday, June 4; the feast of St. Boniface on June 5 and Trinity Sunday falls on June 11. Another important feast is that of St. Anthony of Padua, which occurs on the 13th. Corpus Christi is on the 15th, St. Aloysius, the 21st; the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the 23; St. John the Baptist, the 24th; St. Peter, the 29th; St. Paul, the 30th.

### The Happiest Day

A little silver bell chimed sweetly. There was not a sound in the church. The priest was bending low over the altar.

Very slowly and with great reverence he raised the White Host up high—high enough for every one to see.

The white Host was not bread any more. When Jesus Himself had said, "This is my Body," the white bread became God.

The great mystery of Consecration had taken place. The children knew, although they did not see, that Jesus had come down from Heaven when the priest said, "This is My Body," repeating the words of our dear Lord Jesus. Jesus was there on the altar among the lights and lilies. The children could not see Jesus but they knew He was there and they bowed their heads and adored Him. They knew Jesus was extending His arms and was saying to them in the same words that He spoke long ago in Judea, "Permit the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And the little children said in their hearts, "Come, Oh dear Jesus, come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils; enrich it with all Thy goods; it desires ardently to receive Thee. Amen."

Then the little children walked slowly up to the altar and received for the first time into their hearts, their own dear Lord Jesus. And this was the happiest day of their lives.

Dearest Lord, I love Thee,  
With my whole whole heart;  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.  
Come, oh come, sweet Savior,  
Come to me and stay,  
For I want Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

The Parable Book.

### Summer

How fine it is to be alive  
When summer skies are blue  
And laughter rings around the world  
And joy marks all we do.

For Summer is vacation time  
And cares are packed away  
With lesson books upon the shelf  
For some far distant day.

Vacation time is play time  
When all the world seems young  
And happy words and laughter  
Are found on every tongue.

For old folks all grow young again  
And hearts grow light with cheer—  
The earth is just a play-ground  
For Summer time is here.

### Brought Back to Life

"This is such a rainy day, Mother, that we cannot go out of doors. Won't you please tell us a story?"

"Well, I think I can spare a few moments to you for you have been such good children. Shall I tell you more about St. Benedict?"

"On Monte Cassino St. Benedict found the people worshipping idols. There were temples and altars dedicated to false gods. He tore down the temples and altars of the pagans and erected two chapels, one in honor of St. Martin of Tours and the other he dedicated to St. John the Baptist. When this was done he sought to convert the idolaters and teach them the true faith.

"But Satan, who always hates to see his cause defeated, tried in every way he could to stop the good work. He appeared to St. Benedict in hideous shapes and uttered hellish shouts and yells. The other monks could hear the terrible noises but they could not see from whence they came. But this did not hinder the holy man in his good work.

"One day while the work of building the monastery was going on, Satan came to the Saint in his cell and said he was going to visit the workmen. St. Benedict sent a messenger to tell the workmen to be on their guard for Satan was about to visit them. Scarcely had the messenger finished speaking when the wall fell and killed a boy who had received the religious habit. The monks were filled with great grief and ran to tell St. Benedict who ordered that the boy be brought to him.

"All the bones of the boy's body were crushed. St. Benedict ordered the monks to leave him alone and he placed the sheet containing the crushed child upon a mat. He then knelt down and began to pray to God with great earnestness. God so loved this holy man that he answered his prayers and made the boy whole again and he went back to work that same hour.

"Now run on to play. Another time I will tell you about Benedict's twin sister Scholastica."



### The Rear Guard

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus,"  
Or maybe a moment before;  
And lest he should bother his neighbors,  
He drops on one knee at the door.

Good seats near the altar are vacant—  
In fact there is room and to spare:  
But why should he put himself forward?  
He'd be SO conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar,  
But keeps his gaze bent on the floor,  
We notice him yawning a little,  
As though 'twere a bit of a bore.

He squats for the last Benediction,  
And then, ere the ceremony's through,  
We look for him there in the background,  
But find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now, we fancied we saw him  
Last night at the vaudeville show;  
It seemed to us then he was fighting  
To get in the very front row.

He must have been there before seven—  
Oh, surely, some minutes before;  
He headed the line that was waiting  
Outside the gallery door.

And when the door opened, good gracious!  
How active he was in the race,  
Upstairs and then over the benches,  
And down to the very first place!

My! How he applauded the singing,  
And laughed at the jokes that were cracked;  
His eyes never leaving the footlights—  
Transfixed to the very last act!

This can't be the same chap this morning—  
This slowest and dullest of chaps;  
We must have seen some other fellow  
Last evening—his brother, perhaps.

—T. A. Daly.

### The Taming of Wint—A True Story

"Winthrop James Doorey." That was the name by which he was christened. However he was called "Wint" by the gang. To be sure his teachers very properly said, "Winthrop." He was stout, well built, muscular, and as tall as the average boy in the sixth grade, but he was the terror of every teacher to whose care he had been committed since he entered the kindergarten. "Toughest boy in town," the girls put it.

Miss Jones had been warned as to what she might expect, so she was not taken by surprise when the mischief began. She caught him at writing notes, chewing gum, whispering, throwing paper wads, and other commonplaces. As soon as she turned her back he was at it again, only doing something new or different. She placed him in the front seat. She moved him to the back seat farthest from her desk. She tried him in the middle of the room. He simply would not get his lessons nor permit anyone else in his vicinity to do so.

In desperation Miss Jones appealed to the superintendent. "Well, I've tried branches from every tree in the yard, worn out a rubber hose, broken several rulers, and used up a tug on him. I really am at a loss to know what to resort to next," replied the head of the school.

"I have a plan that I should like to try," spoke up the weary teacher.

"Go ahead, by all means. You have my permission so long as there are no broken bones," laughed the superintendent. "If you are successful to a small degree, you will be the first member of the teaching staff to be worthy of honorable mention."

That night Miss Jones found in the store room two large black stage curtains. Taking these to her room she mounted a chair and proceeded to curtain off the front corner of the schoolroom. This done, she found a small table and a chair and the "den" was ready for an occupant.

Many were the questions with which she was plied the following morning. The last gong sounded. The roll was called. Thirty pairs of eyes were fastened on Miss Jones. She met the gaze calmly, as far as outward appearances were concerned, but her beating heart almost drowned her thoughts.

"For some time," she began slowly, "the pupils have been giving too much attention to one of their number and have thus made it impossible for him to study. He feels called upon in return to entertain his audience. This is unfair to him. I have arranged a quiet, restful corner here in front. There he will be free to pursue his studies without interruption, I hope. Winthrop, you may pack up your books and go to the desk in the corner."

A titter was heard around the room. Realizing that he was the victim of the joke, the boy in question grew red with embarrassment and anger. He glowered at the teacher who stood waiting for her command to be obeyed. Suddenly he did as directed and the curtains were drawn.

Here he could wiggle his ears, squint his eyes, draw caricatures to his heart's content. No one could see him. He was permitted to come forth for the recitation period only. Outside he was the butt of many jokes about the "pen." He who had been the clown and who had enjoyed jokes at the expense of others was having a taste of his own medicine. He did not relish it a bit.

One evening he remained after the rest were gone. "I don't see why you're keeping me up in that corner all the time," he glared at the teacher.

"Neither can I understand why you have taken the time of your teacher and classmates every day this year. I have tried to reason with you. I have asked you kindly to employ yourself as you should. You have taken that which does not belong to you. I stand ready to do all I can at any time to help you, but to allow you to continue as you have in the past and keep on taking that which does not belong to you, I will not. The only peace I have known since school began has been since you were behind that curtain where no one could see you, and you'll stay there until next June before I go through such an ordeal again," blazed the teacher.

"Wint" had begun to see things in a different light. "I'll be good, Miss Jones, if you'll let me out, honest I will. Try me, won't you please?"

"All right, Winthrop. You may place your books in your desk on condition that when good behavior ceases, back to the corner you go."

The curtain was not needed again that year.

### Four H's

Head—to think, plan, reason.

Heart—to be kind, true, sympathetic.

Hands—to be useful, helpful, skillful.

Health—to resist disease, to enjoy life, to make efficient.

Head, heart, hands, health are gifts of the good God.

## Letter Box

(Letters for this Department should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

So many are breaking the rules and writing on both sides of the paper that we are going to throw into the wastebasket quite a number of letters which might otherwise have been printed.

Alice R. Walsh, 102 E. Ingham Ave., Trenton, N. J., finds the Grail an interesting magazine, enjoys the Corner and wishes to correspond with some of the readers. She is a graduate of the Sister's school.

Leslie Roy, of 591 W. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, attends St. Mary's Parochial School. She enjoys the Corner too.

Anna Krimm, Dayton, Ohio, is a Freshman in a Catholic High School.

Mildred Kolivoski, 102 Water St., Punxsutown, Pa., attends a Catholic school. She is in the sixth grade and enjoys the Grail.

Mickey Mike, of Waterloo, Iowa, wants to know if the editor ever climbed a tree when she was fourteen. No, but the editor climbed down from the roof of a barn on a sunflower stalk when she was twelve.

E. Theresa Gorman, McKeesport, Pa., believes "The Grail" is a book that "beats them all."

Lillian Feldmann, Toledo, Ohio, is saving stamps and has a large collection of foreign stamps which she would be glad to exchange with some one.

A letter in lead pencil! Well, I declare! Throw it in the basket, please. Let me see, where did it come from? Laramie, Ohio.

Francis Buras, 1430 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., says he is a boy and he wants some of the boys to write to him. Tell us something about St. Paul. The editor has visited your city and knows it is a pretty place.

Marie O'Rourke and Christine Gregory, Burke, Idaho, enjoy the Letter Box and wish to correspond with some of the readers. Write us about the state where you live.

T. Florence Schmidt, 1423 LaFayette St., St. Louis, Mo., sends the following joke:

Old Man—Where are you going Sonny?  
Little Boy—Ain't goin'. Already went where I wanted to go and I'm comin' back.

Nelly Gray, Chicago, is a new member and wishes to belong to the Corner.

Anna Hausmann, 566 Hapgood St., Athol Mass., is twelve years old. She is a new member.

Polly Daffron, 1426 Porter St., Richmond, Va., begs admittance to the Corner. She is in fourth year High School and a sweet girl graduate this month. Write us something about the famous old city in which you live.

Mary Nelson, Oconto, Wis., is eleven years old. She wishes to get acquainted with the rest of us.

Someone sent a "poam" to the Corner, but such careless spelling bars it.

Ethel Agnes Reynolds, 1532 Calliope St., New Orleans, La., is a High School girl who wishes to get acquainted. Please write us a description of your city.

Mary Werner, 944 Rogers Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is eleven years old and in the fifth grade. Tell us something of the fine big city in which you live.

Myrtle Scherer, Gresham, Wisconsin, goes to St. Francis Church and is a member of the choir. That is fine. The pastor's name is Rev. Father Schueller.

William Kieffer, Borden, Indiana, is in the seventh grade. He enjoys the Corner also. Glad the boys take an interest. Write again.

A little lady from St. Louis, Mo., asks the editor to publish her letter as soon as possible, and she wrote on both sides of the paper. Sorry, but into the basket it goes.

Kathryn Miller, Shelbyville, Ind., is a newcomer. She did not know the rule about writing on one side of the paper. Come again, Kathryn, and tell us more about the Soldier's Home of which you speak.

Mary Wisker lives in Shelbyville also. She, too, did not know the rule. Try again.

Here is a letter from Kaskaskia, no state. The writer lives in the oldest parish in America. We should like to hear more about it.

Adele McCabe, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends the following poem:

### TO A BUTTERFLY

On velvet wings of midnight hue,  
Far, far into the ethereal blue,  
Thou wingst thy way.  
At dawn of day art seen  
Perched on a flower,  
Hour by hour.  
Whispering to its blushing leaves,  
Then fliest from my cottage eaves.  
Flits into my darkened room,  
Lightens up the somber gloom,  
As thou turnst to go thy way  
I bid thee, creature, stay.  
Yet as I speak I am alone.  
Out of the window  
Thou hast flown.

Here is another letter from Ft. Laramie written on both sides of the paper. More wastebasket material.

Here is a letter with a big black blot of ink on it. Toss it aside, please.

What is this? A poem "submitted" in hopes it will be "acceptable." We "excepted" it. Spelling—watch out.

Miss Marguerite Fisher, Swissvale, Pa., would like to contribute music for beginners. The editor is sorry that we cannot handle it at present. Perhaps later we may be able to.

Merry Mary, who forgot her address, wrote on both sides the paper.

Mistree Mae, Newark, N. J., wishes the cornerites to say a prayer for her intention.

Virginia Traynor, Eastwood, N. Y., will graduate this month, too. Sorry we cannot publish her letter but she forgot the rules. Come again.

Mary Melville, Stamford, Conn., forgot the rules. Try again.

Helena Kelley, Cleveland, Ohio, writes a long letter, but she forgot the rules.

38 Graveline Ave., Meriden, Conn.,  
April 30, 1922.

Editor "The Grail."

Dear Sir,

Would you please establish (this is a slip of the pen for "publish") this letter in your June issue? I would like to get acquainted with some of the boys that read "The Children's Corner." I am twelve years of age and I read "The Grail" every month.

Your reader,  
Lester Gilman.

Who will be the first to "shake hands" with Lester?

### "Exchange" Smiles

"What a beautiful mamma you've got," said Governor Richard Yates of Illinois to the little daughter of his host.

"Yes. When there's a party," replied the golden-haired one as she settled in his lap and listened to his watch tick.

Hyatt Smith of Brooklyn used to tell this story of his little daughter: While walking the street one day the child, who had the happy faculty of looking on the sunny side of things, saw a wagonload of sheepskins.

"What are those things, papa?" she asked.

"Sheepskins, my dear."

"But where are the sheep, papa?"

The father explained that the sheep had been killed for food. Looking after the wagon, with the tails of the sheepskins wagging as they dangled over the side, the child remarked:

"Well, papa, the sheep may be dead, but the tails seem to be having a good time."

"Here, Willie," said mother to her three-year-old son, "let me wash your hands before you go over to Smiths."

"Never mind, Mother," answered Willie, "I'll keep them in my pockets."

The big touring car slowed down as it came upon a schoolboy. "Say, Bud," called the chauffeur, "how far is it to Lewisville?"

"Well, Mister, the way you are going now it is just 24,996 miles, but if you turn around it is only four miles."

"Good for you, Bud, here's a dime."

### Drops of Wisdom from the Class Room

(Contributed)

Pastor—"Jack, make the sign of the cross."

Jack—"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Pastor—"How many persons did you name, Jack?"

Jack—"A whole bunch of them."

Teacher—"Who can tell me whether to say my shoe *is* tight, or my shoe *are* tight?"

Johnny (holding up his hand)—"I'd say, take them off."

Pastor—"Now, Freddie, tell me what God made."

Freddie—"He made the trees, animals, man."

Pastor—"What's the difference between man and animals?"

Freddie—"Man has two legs and animal has four legs."

Pastor—"What sins does baptism take away, Michael?"

Michael—"Marble (*mortal*) sins, Father."

Pastor—"What do you mean by 'collect,' Jerome?"

Jerome—"It means when the priest goes around with the basket." Perhaps there are also some among our young readers who do not know the meaning of "collect," (accent on 'col'). It is the short prayer, sometimes several in number, which the priest says from the Missal after he says or sings "Oremus" at the beginning of the Mass.

Teacher—"How many oceans are there, Thomas?"

Thomas—"The south ocean, north ocean, west ocean, east ocean, and the middle ocean."

**Geography:** Pittsburg is a great iron manufacturing center on account of the abundance of iron and of high grade and because it is cheaply mined and Pittsburg is easily transported.

A volcano is a mountain that spits dirt.

Climate is rain and winds, heat and hail.

On rivers you can raise better crops than away from them.

Brussels is the capital of the Hague in Europe.

Wool is raised where there is grassy land. It is also raised in the southern part on account of the negroes and the hot weather.

Mountains are used for finding gold. The reason for their location is that if somebody would want some they would know where to send to.

**History and Civics:** Democracy is one who runs for President. A monarchy is a ruler who is also ruled. Veto means to vote again.

Q. Who has a right to vote? Ans.—You can vote if you register.

We declared war on Germany because they tormented our ships.

**Physiology and Hygiene:** A well should be made so that nothing from the house can run into it; it should be higher than the ground.

The medulla oblongata runs through the cerebrum. The cerebrum is located on top of the skull.

A reflex action is one that repeats itself.

The thorax is the bones of the ribs; it encloses the heart, liver and lungs.

The thorax are the bones just below the ribs.

Perspiration is the waist of the skin.

**Domestic Science:** Veal is meat from a deer. Pork is obtained from hog meat.

Q. What part the cauliflower is used for food? Ans.—Cauliflower is used like the part that is on the stalk in a head.

**Christian Doctrine:** A sin is a lawful transgression of the will of God. To commit a mortal sin you must have good sense.

Parents must give their children an edge occasion.

Eleazar was a profit and one of the chief Scribes advanced in years who was presented to eat swine flesh. He was a Christian who got killed for not eating meat on Friday.

A sacrament is a grace from God. The sacrament of the dead is Maternity; it is called a sacrament of the dead because you can receive it only once in the same sickness.



## June

P. J. SANDILL

Day, and the roses, and skies of blue,  
And the mouths of inaudible flowers;  
Night, and the moon, and a cooling dew,  
While the stars drop their drawbridge hours.

I love thee, June, but not just too dear,  
Beautiful month out of twelve in a year.

## From Mother's Bouquet—A Goldenglow

P. K.

In Mother's fruitful garden  
All kinds of flowers grow.  
High o'er the others towers  
The stately goldenglow.

Beneath the sunbeam's kisses  
Its petals bright unfold;  
So like a shining monstrance  
With rays of burnished gold.

When in the church I'm kneeling  
Before God's earthly throne,  
I feel thy presence, Mother,  
And know I'm not alone.

Thou, too, wast once a monstrance  
That Jesus did contain;  
A pure and holy vessel—  
Thy body without stain.

Through thee we have all blessings  
From Jesus thy true Son;  
Through thee shall we reach heaven  
When life's brief course is run.

\* To our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament.

## A United Front

## CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

In this age of material progress it is a pleasure to note that, side by side with worldly endeavor, the Church is making rapid strides in the organizing of its forces. The adage, "In union there is strength," is not out of place in church affairs. Our Bishops are endeavoring to enlist all Catholic men in the National Council of Catholic Men, and the women, in the National Council of Catholic Women. In this there is a threefold duty, that of church, children, and self. A well organized and united front will check the efforts of bigoted representatives and senators who attempt to rob our youth of their God-given right—an education in Catholic schools.

Anent this read the following from Bishop Schrembs: "Hitherto we have been sacramental Catholics. Our whole Catholic life has been purely sacramental. It has stopped at the door of the church; it has stopped at the door of the school; it has stopped at the door of the confessional; it has stopped at the door of the priest's house. We meet on friendly terms, each unit trying to live its own life. We want our

Catholic manhood and womanhood to organize along lines laid down by the National Catholic Welfare Council, we want a strong, vigorous, pulsating Catholic consciousness that will enrich every endeavor, vitalize every activity in our national life. We should be militant Catholics, stalwart and unafraid in the pure white light of Faith."

Parents should, moreover, encourage their children to join the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. They, too, must heed the call of our Bishops to organize. This Crusade is for the students of the grammar school as well as for those of the university. And through this channel, the correct principle of peacefully obtaining one's rights is drilled into the youth so that what they are taught in youth they will practice in later life. The young Crusader will soon mature to manhood and then the privilege of the vote by which he may wield his greatest weapon in defence of the church will be his.

Good habits formed in youth will remain in later life, hence if parents wish their children to keep the Faith, they should set an example by joining associations for the welfare of the Church. The young are prone to imitate, and if parents are in earnest in their duty to the Church, the children will likewise be happy to join the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and in this the parents should encourage them. Through this organization love for the missions is fostered and the young are fired with a greater love of the meaning of their religion. The seed of Faith planted in youth will grow with age. In a few years the Crusade hopes to have knights who will compete with the knights of old in defending the Church. Let all of us be in the ranks then!

## Queries from Readers

(Continued from page 52)

Pentecost, Monday and Tuesday, were holidays observed as Sunday. It was customary to make merry during these days in the spirit of the joyous feasts they celebrated. In England they had the "Whitsun Ales," so called from beverage that was drunk at these holiday outings. The picnics you speak of are probably a continuation of the old customs of Europe.

## Abbey and Seminary

—Beautiful beyond expression are the ceremonies of Holy Week. There is the singing of the Passion by three priests in the sanctuary and the surpliced choir in the gallery on Palm Sunday and on Good Friday—on Tuesday and Wednesday the choir does not assist. How impressive is the *Tenebrae* on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, the solemn services on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday mornings, with the Pontifical High Mass on Easter. The joyful peal of the organ and the triumphant blare of trumpets at the glorious Mass on Holy Saturday, the blessing of the little Easter lamb at the Offertory of Saturday's Mass, and all the other ceremonies strike a sympathetic chord in the human heart. Under the direction of Father Thomas, with Father Stephen at the organ, the seminary choir won fresh laurels. The *Sanctus*, *Regina Coeli*, and *Tantum Ergo*, which were so delightfully

sung by the choir on Easter, were new compositions from the pen of Father Vincent.

—In Holy Week Father Dominic, rector of the Preparatory Seminary, preached a retreat to the men of St. Mary-of-the-Knobs, near New Albany. Rev. Joseph Sermersheim, class of '03, is pastor.

—Lawrence Durbin and Edward Russell of Third Theology, who are studying for the diocese of Louisville, received the subdiaconate and diaconate at Indianapolis on Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week. They will receive the priesthood at the coming ordinations.

—Among the numerous visitors, parents, and other relatives of students, who were here during Holy Week and on Easter were Joseph Dux of Indianapolis, brother of Fr. Nov. Leo, and Mr. Frank Enslinger of New Albany, father of Father Lambert. Mr. Enslinger was accompanied by Mr. A. J. Gohmann of New Albany. Another visitor was Mr. Gregory Schrenk, of Altoona, Pa., who spent Holy Week and Easter at the Abbey.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McLaughlin of St. Paul, who were returning from a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada,—where they arrived just in time to see the holy shrine burst into the destructive flames that consumed it,—spent Holy Week and Easter here as the guests of Father Cyril.

—Good Friday began with a torrential downpour in the early hours of the morning and closed with a heavy rain in the evening. Showers fell throughout the day. A stranger might have mistaken the Anderson valley for the Ohio River.

—On the afternoon of Easter Sunday there was a military funeral at the Abbey Church. The body of Michael Schaefer of the local parish, who was killed in action in the Argonne Forest some two and a half years ago, was brought back for interment.

—Between four and five a. m. on Easter Monday, during the chanting of the morning Office, a gale of cyclonic proportions passed over the church and through the neighborhood. The top piece of the stone cross that surmounted the roof of the Abbey Church between the two large towers was blown off. A new cross has been designed to replace it. Large trees were uprooted in the valley.

—St. George's day was ushered in with a frost that did some damage to the tender sprouts on the grape vines. The apples, peaches, and other fruits seem not to have been harmed.

—Rev. Louis Becher, class of '18, assistant at Loogootee, came down after Easter for a few days' visit with his parents. His pastor, Rev. Joseph Gerdon, class of '93, who was taken down with typhoid fever last October, is still in poor health.

—Rev. John A. Rodutskey, class of '20, assistant at St. Mary's Church, Richmond, came on May 1 for a short visit. He has a brother in Second Latin and another in philosophy in an eastern seminary.

—On St. Athanasius Day, May 2, the patron feast of the Rt. Rev. Abbot, the school enjoyed a holiday. By their rich and melodious song the St. Gregory Chancel Choir heightened the solemnity of the assisted High Mass. The forenoon was taken up by a track meet in which the students of both departments competed for honors. Bernard Shea of Fifth Latin scored the highest number of points, Matthew Herold of Second Theology was second, and Robert Verkamp of Fifth Latin was third. At "high noon" the students ate their dinner to the accompaniment of the Seminary Orchestra.

—On May 2 the Seminary Unit of the Mission Crusade held an enthusiastic mission rally, which began the evening before with a short program in the Music Hall. Mr. Trapp made an address in which he briefly outlined the purpose of the Mission Crusade. This was followed by an original mission skit or playlet that

was staged to portray the same idea more graphically. Bishops Bruté and de la Hailandière, the two first bishops of Vincennes, were made to appear at the rear of the stage under the focus of the spotlight to impress upon the audience the great amount of help they had received from Europe for their diocese in pioneer days. The Crusade Hymn was sung and the orchestra played several selections.—On the morning of the 2nd they offered up at an early hour a Solemn High Mass and Holy Communion for the propagation of the Faith. On the athletic field where the track meet was held they conducted a booth for the sale of refreshments, cigars, sandwiches, candies, and other "goodies." In the afternoon a baseball game was featured between the "Africans" and the "Indians," the winning side—Africa or India—to be the beneficiary of the collection that was to be taken up. Unfortunately because of rain only a few innings could be played. At 6:30 p. m. the student body met again in the Music Hall where instrumental and vocal music were dispensed and addresses were delivered by Father Richard, moderator of the Mission Unit, and by Rev. John A. Rodutskey. The mission rally was very properly closed with exercises in the chapel—Exposition, Rosary, Litany, Benediction, and "God of Might."

—For their annual outing the senior members of the choir went to Huntingburg on the Solemnity of St. Joseph. There they sang at the High Mass and in the evening gave to an appreciative audience a concert for the benefit of the parochial school, which is to be enlarged.

—The ordinations will take place on June 4, 5, 6. Three students of Third Theology will be advanced to the priesthood, about thirteen to the diaconate, nine to the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte, and twelve will be admitted to the first tonsure and the orders of ostiary and reader. A complete report will appear in the July number.

—Rev. Bernard H. Jacobs, class of '10, has been transferred from Glenmore to Cooperstown, Wisconsin.

—Rev. Raymond Stoll, College class of '13, assistant at St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, since his ordination, sailed from New York on April 26 for Europe. According to report Father Stoll will take a two year course in theology at the University of Innsbruck and then go to Rome to study the Sacred Scriptures.

—On June the eighth the class of '97 will have passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of its ordination to the priesthood. The following are pastors in the diocese of Indianapolis: Rev. Andrew Bauer, O. S. B., Mariah Hill, Rev. Joseph Hass, St. Thomas, near Vincennes, Rev. John Scheefers, St. Mary's Church, Indianapolis, Rev. William Jochum, Immaculate Conception Church, Washington, Rev. Charles Clever, Cedar Grove, Rev. John Loibl, St. John's, near Evansville; Rev. John Heuberger is at St. John's Hospital, Leavenworth, Kan., Rev. John Naebbers, St. Francis Church, Barclay, near Dubuque, Ia., Rev. Joseph Dijon, Cadogan, Pa., in the diocese of Pittsburgh. To all the jubilarians a hearty *ad multos annos!*

"The Divine Story," by the Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L., (Blase Benziger & Co., 98—100 Park Place, New York, Publishers), is a short life of our Blessed Lord written specially for young people. It has received universal commendation from the press and the authorities. The narrative is well connected and easily holds the interest. It might be said, however, that while showing great tact in adapting the sacred "Story" to the limitations of young readers, the author could have considerably simplified its language, to bring it within the range of youth's vocabulary. Price, post-paid, \$1.10. H. D.



## GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS

On the Epistles and Gospels

Illustrated Edition  
With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons  
8vo, cloth, net, \$1.75;  
postage, 25 cents extra

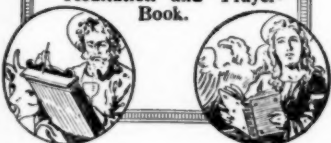
THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE EDITION AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST.

HIGHLY APPROVED,  
With 140 illustrations, 704 pages  
*Why this book should be in the hands of every family*

Because it explains in simple language the Life and Teachings of Christ, and the Dogmas and Doctrines of the Church.

Because it explains the Duties of our State of Life.  
Because it contains Home Devotions for those who are prevented from hearing Mass.

Because it is a complete Meditation and Prayer-Book.



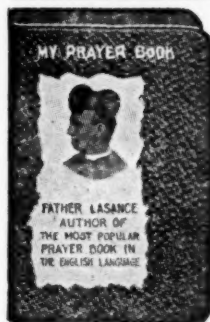
By Rev. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, net, \$1.50

Postpaid, \$1.60

If you want to know why St. Rita is called THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE read this stirring narrative. Picturing for you in most charming manner the girlhood of the holy maiden and the seemingly unbearable trials following her marriage, at her parents' wishes, to a brilliant man, who cruelly mistreated her and who was found murdered in a lonely mountain path, it tells you of her great merits before God and the wonderful favors and miracles she secured for her devout clients.

## The Most Popular Prayerbook in English



## My Prayer Book

HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS

Reflections, Counsels, Prayers and Devotions. With Marriage Mass.

By Rev. F. X. LASANCE

702 pages, size, 5 1/2 x 3 3/4 inches

It is indeed a prayer-book that is "different." It takes prayer and meditation into the bracing air and sweet sunshine of God.

BINDINGS—Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, square corners, \$1.25; imitation leather, limp, \$1.50; red leather, gold edges, \$2.50.

Send postpaid on receipt of price



By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.75

Postpaid, \$1.90

"A Milltown Pastor" moves fast. It has to in order to keep up with Dan Coffey. From the moment Dan appears upon the scene until the end there is action, vivid, witty, original—a character one has been wishing to meet for a long while and at last finds and seizes upon with a sense of possession.

## BEST BOOKS

FOR SALE BY  
THE ABBEY PRESS  
ST. MEINRAD, IND.

Note: Please make all checks, drafts, or money orders payable to The Abbey Press. If remittance does not accompany order book will be sent C. O. D., which is higher than the postage prepaid price.



As the Sunflower turns to the Sun.  
Our minds should look towards the Truth



## THE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER.

By REV. M. P. HILL, S.J.

will enable Catholics to remember and impart the truths of their religion whenever the occasion presents itself. The right answer at the right time has converted many.

Among the up-to-date questions treated are:

Apes and Men	Infallibility of the Pope
Boycotts	Labor Unions
Bible Myths	Luther
Bible Reading	Miracles
Celibacy of Priests	Mixed Marriages
Cremation	Mortality of Bible
Christ, Divinity of	Heroes
Creation, The	Religion and Morality
Chastity	Science and the Bible
"Christian Science"	Secret Societies
Confession	Socialism
Divorce	Spiritism
Darwinism	Strikes
Existence of God	Superstition
Eve and the Serpent	Tradition and the Bible
Evolution	Trinity, The Blessed
Eugenics	Unions
Free Love	Wages, Iron Law of
Free Masonry	Western Schism, The
Galileo	Workingman's Condition, etc.
Hell	
Indulgences	

A BOOK RECOMMENDED TO ALL

8vo, cloth, 490 pages, Net: \$2.00

Sent postage paid on receipt of \$2.20



By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50

Postpaid, \$1.60

The first book written for nurses explaining the Catholic interpretation of ethical questions. Nurses will find this book of the greatest help, and members of Catholic Sisterhoods, directing hospitals and training-schools, and physicians will find an answer for every moral question connected with medicine.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

# HELP!

# HELP!

# HELP!

We plead for war-stricken Europe, abandoned to her hapless fate, with her Sisters fading away and dying from the slow effects of hunger and fatigue, with her Priests heroically enduring untold privations, with her children perishing by the thousands, with her aged men and women pinched by cold and want, with her mothers praying for aid that they might keep the breath of life in the starving babes at their breasts, with her religious institutions, her Catholic orphanages, asylums, schools, and charitable establishments of every kind in perpetual danger of being closed or surrendered into the hands of unbelievers, their inmates scattered throughout the land or cast into the streets.

The most distressed country in Europe today is Austria. The once great agricultural lands that formed Austria-Hungary have been torn from her and she lies prostrate, mangled and dismembered, a land that cannot live and cannot die. Before the war five crowns bought one dollar; today one dollar is valued at 8,000 crowns. This tremendous depreciation of her money, has reduced Austria to a state of destitution. Articles, imperative for living, are beyond the purchasing power of the big majority. Famins prices prevail. Here is an extract from the letter of a priest: "Our yearly salary now is 50,000 crowns (\$6.25), and a suit of clothes costs 100 to 150,000 crowns, a pair of shoes 12 to 15,000 crowns, a shirt 8,000 crowns, a loaf of bread 500, a cup of coffee 200 crowns. Were I to buy just a frugal breakfast and a newspaper every day, to do so I should have to spend ten times my year's salary. A pound of meat costs about 700 crowns, a pound of flour about 300, and an egg from 100 to 125 crowns." A physician writes: "We operate in a room scarcely heated. To provide heat for sick wards of the hospital is out of question. The food which we give our patients is altogether insufficient. When will God have pity and deliver us from all these woes?" What can these poor mortals do? If brotherly love will not reach out a helping hand, they must simply starve and perish. Two dollars will keep a human life from starvation for two months. The farcial value of the crown renders it impossible for the government to purchase the means of life from abroad. The horrible suffering, especially of children, may be pictured from the latest figures given out by the board of health of Vienna. "96 per cent of the children are undernourished, tubercular, or in danger of this dread disease." Hungry, tired, friendless, they drag themselves through the streets. Glad and thankful would they be could they but have the food that is thrown away in America every day. Sisters of Charity cheerless, disheartened, weary almost to death, are straining every nerve to help the poor sufferers; but confronted with impossible prices, a large number of the houses of charity, are today facing bankruptcy. How these unfortunates manage to exist on what they are pleased to call nourishment, is indeed a puzzle. Not to speak of its quality,—the word is a mockery—twenty per cent of a loaf of bread is pulverized tree bark.

Similar conditions exist also in Germany, where before the war four marks bought a dollar, whilst today the dollar is valued at three hundred marks. Words are too weak to convey to our readers conditions as they actually exist. In Germany alone there are about 60 to 70,000 Sisters in charge of institutions that give shelter to half million sick men, women, children, cripples, deaf and dumb, blind, defectives, and orphans. And they are confronted with the necessity of forsaking their mission of mercy unless they receive help. Moreover, all the hospitals, homes, asylums, reformatories, and refuges have been reduced to a condition of the most serious distress, and it is not saying too much to declare that they are now battling for existence. If the Sisters should be compelled to quit their posts in these institutions, it would be a calamitous loss to thousands of unfortunates.

Food and all the other necessities of life at present costs from twenty to twenty-five times more than heretofore, while the revenues of these charitable institutions have increased scarcely fivefold. Consequently the poor nuns and their charges are actually exposed to misery, hunger, and death from starvation. The quantity of food which is given in a week, is less than an American has at a single meal. *When you sit down to table, please, for God's sake, remember the famishing and shivering mortals in Central Europe, and send for their sakes a few of the crumbs that fall from your table.* Donations for the needy and impoverished, and Mass intentions for the poor priests, to be sent to

ST. MEINRAD'S B. F.,  
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

